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J. H. MORISON,
E. PEABODY,
A. P. PEABODY,
F. D. HUNTINGTON. } EDITORS.

☞ All communications, as well as letters of business should be addressed to THE PUBLISHER.

MR. GILES'S LECTURES ON LIFE.

[We extract the following eloquent passages from "*The Discourses on Life*," *by Henry Giles*, to be issued in one volume next week, by Ticknor, Reed & Fields.]

What a sacred thing in its completeness, is an hour of human life, containing, as it seems, the elements of all other life. Mere sensation is grateful, and to feel being even in *that*, is a privilege. To breathe the air, to look upon the light, to hear the voice of nature in her countless tones, to rest upon her fragrant lap, and to be conscious of a beating pulse, this, low as it seems, is not unworthy of desire. But when existence is glorified with the perception of beauty, with the sentiment of grandeur, with the radiance of fancy, with the graces of culture; when it is cheered by the warmth of friendship, by the sweetness of affection; by the associations of memory; by all that stirs within a kindred and a loving humanity; when it is sanctified, moreover, by the sacred convictions of religion, it is of worth unutterable.

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When Moses came down from the mountain, it was not by words the people knew that he had been with God, but by the glory that rested on his face. And so it is with all that live purely, and that live greatly. The brightness that comes with them from retirement, shows that they have been near to heaven. And persons may have their faces towards heaven, and their hearts too, and yet not be always thinking of it. That with which we have deepest sympathy is not forever present to our thoughts, and much less excitingly present. Extreme agitation robs us of that peace out of which there comes forth strength —strength clad in the glorious panoply of God.

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A word heard in childhood, a kind or cruel look felt in youth, a tune, a picture, a prospect, a short visit, an accident, a casual acquaintance, a book, ay, the page of a book—something, it may be, that observer's eye had never seen; something, that sank ineradically into memory, and never passed the lips,—these, and a thousand like, may be the chief constituents of many an impulse that begins a destiny. We behold the streams of individual life as they bubble out upon the surface, but we do not see the fountains whence they spring; we observe the fruit, sweet or bitter, which hangs upon the branches, but the roots are concealed from which it grows.

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"O sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon!" There is no Gibeon in life, upon which we can rest for a moment, the morning or the noon-tide; there is no Ajalon in age, whereon we can force the moonlight to repose beyond its appointed hour. We cannot rekindle the morning beams of childhood; we cannot recall the noontide glory of youth; we cannot bring back the perfect day of maturity; we cannot fix the evening rays of age, in the shadowy horizon; but we can cherish that goodness which is the sweetness of childhood, the joy of youth, the strength of maturity, the honor of old age, and the bliss of saints.

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Mortality and tears efface disagreements. Behold the visitation of general disease! The feuds which disturbed a city are hushed; the spites and vanities that separated neighbors are heard no more; the insults which seemed unpardonable, are turned into puerile trifles; the adversaries that shunned each other in silent pride, address each other with sympathy and concern; a universal pardon takes place, in the humility of universal suffering. And yet, my brethren, the common lot of pain and death, though less violently, is quite as certainly proclaimed through every hour, and on every tomb. We are all as united in this awful destiny, as if Death met us in the roar of the waters, or in the mortality of the plague; as surely are we all passing to one bourne, in our straggling isolations, as if we went together in bands of ten thousand each. Silently, affliction is in the shadows of life; without noise is death pacing the chambers of the merry world; without any visible consternation, humanity is swept from the surface of the earth. Why should we then wrangle? Why rather should we not aid each other? Why should not our solemn duties, and our hastening end, render us so united, that personal contention would be impossible, in a general sympathy, quickened by the breath of a forbearing and pitying charity.

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To walk over this goodly earth through the changing path of threescore years and ten; to take no note of time but by the almanac: not to mark the seasons, except by the profit or the loss they bring; to think of days and nights as mere alternations of toil and sleep; to discern in the river only its adaptation for factories; to associate the ocean only with facilities of traffic; to care not for the solemn revolutions of the earth through its circle in the stars; to have no eye for the infinity of sight; no hearing for the endless succession of sounds, that vary ever as the earth rolls on; to be blind, and deaf, and callous, to all but the hardest uses of creation,—is to leave out of conscious being whatever gives the universe its most vital reality.

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There are wonders of God upon the earth in yet unbroken loneliness; things which the eye hath not seen, nor the ear heard, lavished in the very profusion of unbounded power, in the exhaustless abundance and wealth of omnipotence. There are floods of sunshine flung over the broad sweep of untrodden deserts; gorgeous foliage and eternal bloom clothing the wilderness of virgin woods. There are rivers that wander over voiceless regions; there are beautiful, but unnoted shores, washed only by the ocean wave, cheered only by the music of the storm. There are spots of Paradise lovely in their solitude, which the day-beams and the moon-light alone look upon. There are unprofaned cataracts, by which Nature, in her deep retreats, hymns forever her anthems of lonely praise. And so it is with the good man's soul: it has glory in its secret places; it has joy in its hidden depths; it has light where no man intrudes; it has peace which passeth understanding and passeth utterance; it has majesty and bliss, where only its own thought with the spirit of its God reposes.

PROPER MENTAL CULTURE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM WM. WIRT TO HIS DAUGHTER.

'I would have answered your letter sooner, but that my courts and my clients hardly leave me time to write to your dear mother, to whom, of all earthly creatures, you and I owe our first duties. But I have not loved you the less for not writing to you; on the contrary, I have been thinking of you with the greatest affection, and praying for you on my bended knees, night and morning, humbly begging of God that he would bless you with health and happiness, and make you an ornament to your sex, and a blessing to your parents. But we must not be like the man that prayed to Hercules to help his wagon out of the mud, and was too lazy to try to help himself; —no, we must be thoughtful; try our very best to learn our books, and to be very good; and then, if we call on our Father in heaven, he will help us. I am very glad your Latin grammar is becoming easier to you. It will be more and more so, the more you give your whole mind to it. God has been very kind in blessing you with a sound understanding; and it would be sinful in you to neglect such a great blessing, and suffer your mind to go to ruin, instead of improving it by study, and making it beautiful, as well as useful to yourself and others. It would be almost as bad as it would be for Uncle Cabell to be so lazy himself, and to suffer his laborers to be so lazy, as to let his rich low grounds run up all in weeds, instead of corn, and so have no bread to give his family, and let them all starve and die. Now your mind is as rich as Uncle Cabell's low grounds; and all that your mother and father ask of you, is, that you will not be so idle as to let in run to weeds; but that you will be industrious and studious, and so your mind will bring a fine crop of fruit and flowers.

Suppose there was a nest full of beautiful young birds, so young that they could not fly and help themselves, and they were opening their little mouths, and crying for something to eat and drink, and their parents would not bring them anything, but were to let them cry on from morning till night, till they starved and died, would not they be very wicked parents? Now, your mind is this nest full of beautiful singing-birds: much more beautiful and melodious than any canary-birds in the world; and there sit fancy, and reason, and memory, and judgment—all with their little heads thrust out of the nest, and crying as hard as they can for something to eat and drink. Will you not love your father and mother for trying to feed them with books and learning, the only kind of meat and drink they love, without which those sweet little songsters must, in a few years, hang their heads and die? Nay, will you not do your best to help your father and mother to feed them, that they may grow up, get a full suit of fine glossy feathers, and cheer the house with their songs? And, moreover, would it not be very wrong to feed *some* of them only, and let the rest starve? You are very fond, when you get a new story-book, of running through it as fast as you can, just for the sake of knowing what happened to this one and that one; in doing this, you are only feeding one of the four birds I have mentioned,—that is, *fancy*, which to be sure, is the loudest singer among them, and will please you the most while you are young. But, while you are thus feeding and stuffing fancy,—reason, memory and judgment are starving; and yet, by-and-bye, you will think their notes much softer and sweeter than those of fancy, although not so loud, and wild, and varied. Therefore you ought to feed those other birds, too: they eat a great deal slower than fancy; they require the grains to be pounded in a mortar before they can get any food for them; that is, when you get a pretty story, you must not gallop over it as fast as you can, just to learn what happened; but you must stop every now and then, and consider why one of the persons you are reading of is so much beloved, and another so much hated.

This sort of consideration pounds the grains in a mortar, and feeds reason and judgment. Then you must determine that you will not forget that story, but that you will try to remember every part of it, that you may shape your own conduct by it,—doing those good actions which the story has told you will make people love you, and avoiding those evil ones which you find will make them hate you. This is feeding memory and judgment both at once. Memory, too, is fond of a *tit-bit* of Latin grammar; and, though the food is hard to come at, yet the sweet little bird must not starve. The rest of them could do nothing without her; for, if she was to die, they would never sing again,—at least not sweetly."

[The following remarks are from a letter to Judge Randall, from Wm. Wirt.]

The natural beauties of your place, and those little embellishments of your grounds which will cost you nothing, will give full employment to your taste and your leisure time, for some years to come. During this time, I hope that your funds will be dammed up till the pool is full to overflowing. I advise you to live not simply within your means, but to live so far within them as to leave a broad margin every year; which, if you once begin, you will find to become a broader and still broader margin in each successive year. At the end of ten or twelve years, these margins added together, will make a little principality, and enable you to do what you please. Beware of speculations—particularly such as are beyond your present means. Never go in debt on them. Beware, especially, of those cold and dazzling speculations on a great scale, which, under the promise of speedy opulence, end too often in ruin.

Ne festinas locupletari, said the wise man of Greece—and no wise man ever said a wiser thing. The richest men generally become so by a gradual accumulation: I mean the men who most safely become rich. Aladdin's lamp is a fiction, and even were it not, there is more than one hostile magician to be slaughtered before our success may be secured—magicians in the shape of treacherous agents, insolvent debtors, sharpers and speculators—and of crosses and disappointments, of which the world is full. Give me a man like our old friend Judge E., who without making any noise in the world, has been going on adding a child and a new farm to his stock every year, for the last fifteen of his life; he and they are well provided for, and even rich. While your splendid and showy men are every where writhing under pecuniary embarrassments, dying in despair, and leaving their families in beggary. Young men, at your time of life, are not apt to think of these things, and the subject is likely to be irksome to them; but they who are wise will not disdain a lesson of wisdom from their fathers, and will *lay it to heart and practice upon it*—as I am sure you will do. If I had a glass window in my breast, and you could have drawn a chair and sat down before it, and looked in—as Sterne says—as into a 'dioptric beehive,' and seen the anxieties that have been working there for the last ten years, on account of this retrospect of my lost time, you would not be surprised at the frequency and earnestness with which I press this subject on your attention.

THE LATE DR. ABBOT OF EXETER. At the Commencement dinner at Cambridge, last week, Prof. Bowen paid an appropriate tribute to the memory of Dr. Abbot. He said:—

I had hoped, Sir, that some one of the older and more distinguished pupils of Dr. Abbot, if not one of his early associates and friends, would have taken this occasion to pay a tribute to his memory. But the generation to which he belonged is so nearly passed away,—only two of his class yet survive,—that it was hardly to be expected that we should hear of him from one who had known him from his youth upwards. Failing this, it is perhaps as well that one should speak of him who knew him only at that period when his age displayed the peculiar qualities of his mind and heart to the best advantage. It was my good fortune, Sir, to know him in different relations; first, as his pupil, afterwards as an assistant in his labors of instruction, and not many months ago, I followed his remains to their last resting place.

It is but little to say of him, that the impression he made, when looked at from these several points of view, was uniform and harmonious throughout. I thought, Sir, when I recently saw him shrouded in his grave clothes, in that church to which he had led so many generations of his pupils, that his countenance still wore the same mild and benignant expression that it did when he first received me as a pupil twenty years before; hardly a lineament of his face had changed, and the hair upon his brow was but little whiter. It was meet that it should be so; he owed the great success with which Providence had blessed his labors, in part to the singular evenness of his temperament, and the mildness and purity of his disposition. He never knew ambition except to make his pupils wise and good men: he lived only for them and his family. His virtues were of that mild and unobtrusive cast that do not usually leave a broad and conspicuous imprint on the history of the generation in which they were exercised. But kind Heaven placed him, early in life, in precisely that position where they would bear most abundant and enduring fruit. And as a consequence, they *have* left their imprint broad and deep on the characters of many who have shaped the history of their times, and who owe the direction and development of their powers to his kind and skilful guidance. And here, Sir, of all places, it is fitting that his name should be remembered with honor. Among the worthies whose portraits grace these walls of the Walhalla of our college, there are few who have exercised a larger, more direct, and more beneficial influence than he has done upon the character of its alumni. Probably two or three hundred of the graduates of Harvard owe to him their initiation in classical knowledge, and the direction of their steps in the path of virtue and usefulness. I hope that before long, the counterfeit resemblance of the revered face of my old instructer may be added to the portraits already here of those whom he had a right, when in life, to call his associates as benefactors of Harvard.

Dr. Abbot's life was checkered by few incidents; it was as peaceful and untroubled as his character. His biography would be simply a history of Phillips Exeter Academy. Four or five years after that institution was founded, he became its principal, just after he had graduated. Nearly two thousand pupils were educated under him during the half century in which he kept this position,—in several instances, father, son, and grandson being among the number; for those who had enjoyed Dr. Abbot's instruction themselves, were very anxious to secure the same privilege for their posterity. These two thousand persons, Sir, now revisit Exeter with pretty much the same feelings with which a Mahometan performs his pilgrimage to Mecca. I do not know what the whole charm was that drew them thither; but I do know that the greater part of it was the eager desire to look once more on the face of their beloved instructer. In what consisted the peculiarity and great success of his career as a teacher? Though a competent scholar, he was not remarkable for varied or profound scholarship; but he had the invaluable art of making his pupils even better scholars than he was himself. The great secret of his power was the magnetic influence that he exercised over the minds and hearts of his pupils; they were obliged to love and revere him whether they would or no. He was less a teacher than an educator; it was not so much what he put into the minds of his pupils as what he drew out of them, that formed his contribution to their virtues and their power of usefulness. A circle was drawn around him which no one could overstep without acknowledging the moulding influence of his precepts, example, and character. Our affection for him was singularly tempered with awe; the dread of his displeasure was enough to outweigh all temptation. Severity was foreign to his nature, and he never had any occasion to be severe. Though so many years have intervened, I think, Sir, that even you can recollect the terrors of Dr. Abbot's uplifted forefinger, though most assuredly it was never shaken at you. It always had power to quell the boldest and most rebellious spirit in the Academy. When a rude, boisterous, and ill-mannered boy joined the institution,—and there were many there at the outset, for every State in the Union was represented there,—the first time he met Dr. Abbot in the street, and beheld the old gentleman, with the graceful and scrupulous politeness of the old school, raise his hat entirely from his head, and greet him with a kind smile, the rude boy was made a gentleman for life. The mere recollection of his old instructer, who has now been for some months cold in his grave, is enough to make him lift his own hat from his head at this moment. There have been many inventions and new-fangled ways in the theory of education of late years; but for my own part, speaking as an instructer ambitious of success in his calling, I would give all that I have learned of novelty in this theory for one tithe of Dr. Abbot's magnetic moral power over the hearts and lives of his pupils.

After he had completed his fifty years of instruction, his pupils came together at Exeter to celebrate the Abbot jubilee. The chair on that occasion was taken by the great Senator of Massachusetts, who does not need the highest place in the republic to complete his honors, though the highest place in the republic has very great need of him. You, Sir, were at his side. The present head of our University was unfortunately absent in Europe, or he would have been there too. I told you, Sir, that Dr. Abbot had great claims to be remembered here; and it is not one of the least among them, that he educated two out of the three living Presidents, and the third one was his own associate at school. To return to the Abbot jubilee, Saltonstall of Salem was there, the twin Peabodies were there, Henry Ware, Jr., was there, and many others, whom, as they are present now, I cannot mention. But the assemblage certainly included many of our lights in church and state. Buckminster and the younger Abbot had gone before. I am not one of those who believe that it was only a lucky chance which enabled Dr. Abbot to reckon such men among his pupils. At any rate, it was, like other chances, an occurrence in which Providence had a great share; and the chief means, under God, was the principal's own character.—Even here, Sir, I see so many of Dr. Abbot's pupils present, that we have a right to say of him with more justice than it was said of Sir Christopher Wren,

"If you seek his monument, look around you."

ANECDOTE OF CHALMERS.

A person well known in Glasgow for superior talent and scientific attainments, but withal for a tinge of skepticism in religion, was met by an old companion hurrying to the Tron church, while the bells were ringing for the afternoon service.

"Come," said his friend, "and hear Chalmers."

"I shall do no such thing," was the reply. "Do you think I would trouble myself to hear a madman!"

You had better judge for yourself by coming for once." And, taking his arm, they were both speedily seated in the densely crowded church. What was the astonishment of the skeptical gentleman, when the Doctor gave out for his text; "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak the words of truth and soberness."

He felt that his false judgment of the preacher was rebuked, as it were, by a voice from heaven; and the sermon which he heard, the object of which was to fix the charge of madness where it ought to be fixed, on those, who, believing in a future world, continue to live without God and without hope, while it was shown that truth and soberness were only with those who act according to their belief and profession of the gospel, was admirably fitted for deepening the impression made by the text, and for removing the flimsy arguments of "philosophy so called." From that day forth, the gentleman became a constant hearer of Dr. Chalmers, a confirmed believer in the doctrines, and a steady performer of the duties of the Christian faith.

It occasionally happened, about this time, that Professor Young, of the Greek chair in the University, a man of great learning and genius, of singular metaphysical *acumen*, was led to the Tron church from his unbounded admiration of Dr. Chalmers, and nothing could more strongly mark the power of the preacher's eloquence, than the effect it produced upon that distinguished individual. His massive countenance at first became radiant with intellectual delight; then as the Doctor warmed in his discourse, it swelled out under intense excitement. His lips which "Peter's Letters" describe as having the grimness of a blacksmith's vice, were puffed out and drawn in with prodigious force and velocity, till at length, fairly overpowered by the magic influence of the preacher, he threw his head backwards, his expansive chest heaved, till the termination of a thrilling paragraph, which afforded the congregation a momentary breathing time, allowed him to remove and clear his spectacles, in preparation for another burst of eloquence. [Church Magazine.

KEEP AWAY FROM TEMPTATION.

The only safe course for a young man who would retain his virtue and his correct principles, is to keep away from temptation. How many have fallen who merely ventured to look at vice in her gaudy colors! Her temptation was too strong for them to resist.

They partook of the fatal glass—snatched the gilded treasure, or gave themselves up to uncleanness.

None are secure who run in the way of sin; who see how near they can venture on the threshhold of vice, without entangling their feet in the net of the adversary.

Have you never heard the story of a gentleman who advertised for a coachman? If not, we will repeat it. Three applicants were admitted to his room. He pointed out to them a precipice, remarking, "How near the edge of this can you drive me, without any danger of an upset!"

The first applicant replied, "Within a hair's breadth."

"How near can you drive me?" inquired the gentleman of a second applicant.

"Within a hair's breadth," he replied.

As the third was about leaving the room, supposing he had no chance of competing with the other two, the gentleman stopped him.

"Let me hear what you have to say," said he.

"Why, sir, I cannot compete with either of these: if I were to drive you, I would keep as far off as I possibly could."

"You are the man for me," said the gentleman, and he engaged him immediately.

In regard to vice, he only is safe who keeps away from temptation. Those who venture near are often upset and destroyed. We can point to individuals who are lost to virtue, who, when they took the first wrong step, resolved never to take another. It was the voice of a pretended friend, it may be, which urged them on, only for once, but it proved their destruction.

Ye who are now safe, whose hearts are uncontaminated, listen to the voice of wisdom, and go not where there are strong allurements to vice. Keep away from the gaming table, the grog-shops, and the midnight party. "Keep as far off as possible," and a life of integrity and virtue will assuredly be yours.

THE JOY OF BENEVOLENT AFFECTIONS.

The benevolent affections are awakened and fostered in every mind that truly embraces the gospel. They are the essential and necessary effects of a genuine faith. The faith that *saves*, is the faith that works by *love*. All other faith is dead. Holy affections, which are but the diversed modifications and forms of gospel charity, love, or benevolence, are the works, by which faith isproved to be genuine. They are the fruits of the Spirit.

Now by awakening and fostering benevolent affections as it does in every believer, the gospel eminently tends to render him joyful. In every instance of its awakening such an affection, it contributes to lay deeper and broader in his character the foundations of peace and joy. It does this by reproving selfish and sinful feelings, which produce misery, and also by producing those benevolent and generous affections which add fresh evidence of the believer's justified state and thus producing spiritual peace.

But beyond and above, all this, there is a towfold effect of the exercise of the benevolent and pious affections. They give rise to two additional fountains, each pouring its tributary stream into the river of the believer's peace and joy. There is here, as in the case of the sinful indulgence, the immediate accompaniment, and the more remote consequences. The immediate accompaniment is that high, angelic pleasure, which always attends the exercise of good will. To cherish any benevolent feeling, is to cherish that which imparts a light so long as the benevolent feeling itself exists. To hate your enemy is but to make yourself miserable, while you hate, and, but the more miserable the more you hate him and wish him ill. On the other hand, to love him, as the gospel bids you love, and as the gospel, just so far as you truly embrace it, will make you love him, that is to forgive heartily his injury of yourself, and to desire ardently his best good, will only render you happy, while you thus love him, and the more happy the more you love him.

And so let the daily and hourly current of a man's affections be such as the gospel tends to secure in him, that is, a current of uninterrupted and unmingled feelings of piety and benevolence, then will there be in that man a perpetual source of joy, a well of living water, the water that springeth up in everlasting freshness and sweetness.

Nor is the remoter consequent of less importance as furnishing a help, and an enlargement to the believer's joy. An abiding and sustaining cheerfulness is the natural result of the habitual exercise of benevolent affections and a life of piety. Not the believer remembers always, and very distinctly, his past acts of piety, or exercises of benevolence; or that loves or tries to recall or recount them; or that he ever looks back to them, with proud satisfaction, as if they could be urged in support of any claim on his part upon God; for this would be at entire variance with that humility, in which the gospel has clothed him. In fact, the believer remembers and confesses, over and over and over again, his single trangressions, and mourns for the guilt and pollution thereby incurred, and adores the richness and fulness of that mercy of God, and the sufficiency and efficacy of that atonement by Christ through which alone these sins are pardoned. Yet there is an abiding result from the whole succession of his right acts and feelings. In their very exercise there was a holy discipline of character, and the happy results of that discipline remain, although the individual doings and feelings are themselves all forgotten. In this respect, the moral discipline is in analogy with intellectual. The powers and capacities of the intellect are disciplined by suitable duties and exercises, and the happy results abide when all the duties and efforts that entered into the discipline are themselves entirely forgotten.

Now one of the blessed results of that holy discipline, which the gospel carries on in the soul of the believer, by awakening from day to day the benevolent affections, is a calm, steady, modest, quiet but well-grounded conviction, wrought in a man's own judgment, that he is by the grace of God and the power of the Holy Spirit, conformed, in his governing principles and predominant habits, to the requirements of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and of course conformed to the highest and purest standard of virtue in the universe. This conviction cannot be produced in any other way than as the result of some degree of such discipline, and just in proportion as in the progress of the discipline, the believer does actually exercise the holy and benevolent affections which the gospel enjoins, this conviction will grow in strength and solidity, and it will continue to grow until it becomes a sort of consciousness of being right, and of being so through the sovereign grace of God. This consciousness, if we may so call it, is as undelusive as it is irresistible; it is a condition and a feeling which, the believer may obtain—a condition and a feeling which perhaps, is the very one designated by the apostle when he says, "the Spirit witnesseth with our spirit that we are the sons of God."

And how great must be the peace, how substantial and enduring the joy, when the believer has been brought to such a result. While the wicked are as the troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt, the effect of his righteousness is quietness and assurance for ever. And since the gospel does tend to bring the believer to this result, by awakening the benevolent affections, we can see the power it has to render him joyful.—[Evangelist.

WISDOM OF THE HEATHEN.

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold.

"Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander.

"I take it for granted," replied the chief, "that thou wast able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come among us?"

"Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander; "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs."

"So be it," rejoined the other, "sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee."

At the close of this conversation, two citizens entered their court of justice. The plaintiff said, "I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it."

The defendant answered; "I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively."

The chief, who was at the same time their supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright. Then after some reflection said: "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?" "Yes." "And thou" (addressing the other) "a daughter?" "Yes." "Well then, let thy son marry thy daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the chief asked him.

"O no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me."

"And how, then," rejoined the chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?"

"To confess the truth," said Alexander,—"we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the king's use."

"For the king's use!" exclaimed the chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the sun shine on that country?" "O yes!" "Does it rain there?" "Assuredly." "Wonderful!—but are there tame animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs?" "Very many, and of many kinds." "Ay, that must be the cause," said the chief; "for the sake of those innocent animals the all-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country."[—Coleridge.

ANCIENT CHRISTIAN ADVICE.

Our progress in the way to the kingdom of heaven is greatly aided by maintaining an habitual quietude of mind, whatever be our circumstances in life; not by a disuse of the talents intrusted to us, nor by a state of mental indolence, but by having our thoughts brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, the only sure refuge and resting place of the righteous. Be engaged, then, by patience and watchfulness unto prayer, earnestly to seek after a settlement upon this rock, a stability in the Truth from which you may not be shaken.

The consistent Christian will make no compromise of principle. When persecution does not await him, it will be his earnest prayer that whilst he thankfully enjoys the temporal blessings dispensed by the all-bounteous Giver, he may not so fix his heart upon these fading pleasures, as to be unprepared, should the day of trouble overtake him, to stand with uprightness, and to adorn his profession by patiently enduring affliction. Whilst, upon a well-grounded conviction, he is satisfied that he ought to be aiming at a perfect standard, he will be solicitous that no part of his demeanor, that none of his transactions among men, may tend to diminish the excellence of that standard in the view of those with whom he associates.

A patient, humble reliance on the teachings of the Spirit of Truth weans the mind from trusting in any inferior source of good. It induces the profitable work of self-examination; and if we are not at all times alike favored with the sensible enjoyment of the presence of the Lord, we become anxious to ascertain whether this arises from our own unwatchfulness, or from those dispensations of Divine Providence, which may be designed to prepare in us a pure and perfect heart. In a state of silent, humble retirement of mind, the Christian traveller is often permitted clearly to perceive the various stratagems of the enemy; and to pour out his secret supplications unto the Father of mercies, that none of the devices of the Devil may retard his progress in the consecrated path of self-denial. He is at times endued with ability to pray that the faculties of his mind, the exercise of his talents, whether natural or acquired, and the employment of the spiritual gifts imposed upon him, may be under the sanctifying and restraining influence of the Spirit of Christ. Patient waiting upon God brings with it an humble estimate of our own religious attainments; and prepares the mind justly to appreciate, and to accept with gratitude that ministry of the Word of Life, which through the goodness of the great Head of the church still continued to us, is at times to be heard in the congregations of the people.

Vital Christianity consisteth not in words but in power; and however important it is that we have a right apprehension of the doctrines of the Gospel, this availeth not, unless we are regenerated by the Holy Ghost. We therefore tenderly entreat all to wait in humble faith for its quickening influence: and to seek to have their hearts contrite before the Lord. Then we believe that they will know for themselves of this gospel grace; and as they continue from time to time, profiting by what they learn in the way of life and salvation, but not trusting to it, they will partake of that living bread which cometh down from heaven; they will drink of those living waters which nourish the soul unto eternal life. This course of Christian experience we earnestly desire for every one amongst us. It is an individual work: but it is indespensible for all. It may often be slow in its progress, but it is certain in its effects; and amongst the blessed consequences which it produces, we come to have an establishment in Christ, resulting not from any speculative system of belief, but from a heartfelt acquaintance with his power inwardly revealed to the soul. When assailed by false doctrines, or when in the support of our views of Christian practice, trials are our portion, knowing in whom we have believed, we can look, in humble, but firm reliance, unto Him. Resignation under the varied trials incidant to human life, is often the happy attainment of the patient, Christian traveller: these may arise to him from outward afflictions, or from the privation of the society of faithful Christian friends; he may be cast down from not feeling those evidences of the love of God, or of the clear guidance of the Spirit of Truth, which his soul would desire. But a frequent recurrence to past mercies, and to numberless blessings still bestowed upon us, should warm the heart with gratitude; and animate it with the belief, that all these things will be blessed, as the means by which we may become of the pure in heart who shall see God. Wait, then, dear friends, upon him; be of good courage, and He will strengthen your hearts.

HOW TO TESTIFY AGAINST SECTARIANISM.

With some it is a serious question, What can I do toward healing the divisions and uniting the factions that so dishonor the gospel and that so limit its power, and hinder its progress in the world? Presuming that some such inquirer may cast his eye upon this column, we would meet him with a reply which seems to us pertinent and instinctive as it is obvious.

The first answer then which we would give to the foregoing question is this: *See that you, for yourself, adopt and maintain in practice the most enlarged principles of Christian communion.*

One great support of sectarianism in the church, or rather one great and most contagious manifestation of the sectarian spirit, is the practice of withholding the various acts and pledges of Christian communion from those who, with some supposed defects of errors, have a fair claim to be considered as being really disciples of Christ; the practice or formally or virtually excluding men from fellowship on grounds not essentially affecting their Christian profession. How many churches are formed on the principle of excluding from their fellowship not merely the unbeliever, the worlding, the unconverted, but the believer whose faith, tried by some confessedly human standard, can be pronounced weak or defective, the disciple who does not follow with that party in every particular, the convert who cannot "frame to pronounce" as they do. He may come into their houses of worship indeed; he may listen to their sermons; he may join in their public prayers; he may contribute to the support of their institutions, and may build them a synagogue; but as to receiving him, either in a stated or occasional communion, for a brother disciple, a follower of their Lord, a child of their heavenly Father, a subject of the renewing power of that Spirit who, they trust, is their sanctifier—they allow no such thing. He is not of their denomination; he does not adopt their formularies; he prefers a different scheme of church order; he does not hold with them on some points in the philosophy of the will—what have they to do with him? This is the spirit which has broken the visible unity of the church into sectarian fragments. Against this spirit a testimony must be borne—we don't say by churches and collective ecclesiastical bodies, for such a reformation cannot be expected to begin in such a quarter—but by individual Christians who love Christ, and the image of Christ in his people, more than they love their party. Against this spirit, you in your place can bear your testimony.

Do you say that the church to which you belong practices open communion? Do you tell us that all the professed and accredited disciples of Christ, of whatever evangelical denomination, are freely invited to join with you as brethren in all religious ordinances: and that therefore you have no further duty to preform in relation to this matter? We answer, there may be the spirit of a close and exclusive communion where the form is not. Christian communion is not the mere ceremony of sitting together at the Lord's table. You may as a matter of form and of church regulation, invite a professed Christian to sit with you at the Lord's table, while yet you never think of extending to him any other act of Christian fellowship; while you never in your own mind, seek to respect him or love him as a fellow-heir of the grace of life; while you never talk with him as one between whom and yourself there is the deep sympathy of a common faith, and hope and love; while you never seek in simplicity of heart to promote his spiritual welfare as a brother in Christ. Till you do this, and do it habitually, so that it shall be manifest to yourself and to others that such is the habit of your mind, you have not given all the testimony you might give against sectarianism and the sectarian spirit. When this shall be done by all, or by Christians generally; when their kindly affection toward all who bear the image of Jesus and sit at his feet, shall become too powerful to be hedged in by any party barriers, then all those frowning bulwarks and middle walls of partition in the church will have grown old, and will be ready to vanish away. [Independent.

THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

Those who are deeply impressed by the pageantry of an imposing funeral procession, and by the solemn services of a funeral in which thousands of wounded hearts unite, will read with interest the following description of the scene in the East Room of the Executive mansion on the occasion of the funeral of President Taylor. It is an extract from a description of the late funeral ceremonies in Washington, by a correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce. [Advertiser.

I had never expected in one life to attend more than the funeral of a President in office.—The remembrance of the august sepulchre of Harrison, of the obsequies of a President, the first in the history of our country, could never be obliterated from the mind. There was a freshness, an originality, a moral power in the scene, never to be forgotten. They might be said to impair the influence even of the august scene of Saturday last, so close was the resemblance between them. It was like a copy from an original. But then, too, on the other hand, this repetition of a great providential event might be said to deepen the impression on a thoughtful mind, disposed to see the hand of God in it. It was my privilege—denied to thousands of my fellow-citizens equally deserving it—to be assigned a seat within the limits of the East Room, where under the dark and mournful canopy reposed the remains of the illustrious Chief of the Republic, not in the centre of the room, as did the body of Harrison, but at a short distance from its southern end, whose windows look on the fair bosom of the Potomac. In that room was a concentration of genius, talent, might of character, weight of influence, moral power, almost oppressive to the mind. Statesmen, counsellors, orators, warriors, senators, judges, officers of high degree, ambassadors from various nations, all assembled to do homage to Him in whose hand is the breath of them all, and at whose bidding, ONE, the most illustrious among them, having yielded up his high trust, lay as low in death as the humblest of his race, above which, in the course of an eventful life, he had been so far elevated. Here were the representatives of twenty millions of people. I seemed to behold the epitome of the whole nation. I saw men who had chained victory to their march, whether on the "mountain wave," or on the ensanguined plain, amid the shock of contending hosts. I beheld, too, those who had restored, or preserved our peace with nations, who had executed treaties, who had directed the expansion of our territory, conducted the affairs of State through dangerous cries, and threatening exigencies, who were even now struggling with anxious hearts to maintain the peace, consolidate the Union, and perpetuate the glory of their beloved country. And these men, but the other day engaged in fierce debate against each other, were now mingling their tears, and merging their differences around the bier of their common leader, as Americans. Here Patriotism triumphed over Party, party, whose poisoned stream, being passed through the alembic of death, was turned into the sweet waters of life, peace and friendship. Or, to change the mode of speech, did he not descend as a kind and gentle angel, to heal, while he troubled the fountain of bitterness, and bid a nation bathe in the renovated flood? There was Cass, the great rival of the dead, who besought Senators to bury all dissensions in his grave. Those Senators had unanimously chosen to their presiding chair the successor of the Vice President. Thus they came prepared to drop the tear of sincerity on the urn of the departed, for they were all the mourners of a true and revered man. Fillmore sat at the foot of the coffin, "full of pregnant thoughts," yet calm and trustful in that august Providence that has imposed on him such oppressive responsibilities. Near the South Western corner of the room, in solemn repose, sat General Scott, who, in that presence, must needs have meditated on the past, on their common perils and conflicts during a bloody war, and after reaping the brightest laurels, stained, alas! with human gore, to find that they themselves must become the trophies of a sterner conqueror than them all! The military and naval array was exceedingly brilliant, the proud, the noble, and martial bearing of those officers in full uniform, might well facinate a young and enthusiastic mind, while the honors paid even to the dead would augment the power of that fascination. A future President may have been born amid the strong feelings and asperations of the scene and the assemblage. The spectators of such a picture would feel his attention strongly drawn to the persons of the members of the late Cabinet who sat on the right of the Vice President. Three of them, at least, are men of large stature and imposing aspect, Clayton, Meredith, and Ewing, with minds to correspond. Yet they seemed to look more like massive shadows than the men they *were*, to participate, though living, in the loss of power with their venerated Chief now deceased. In a moment Death had dissolved the whole charm and prestige that surrounded these men as members of a great Cabinet, while he could not touch the imperial genius and inherent energies within. Looking at them as politicians, one could hardly refrain from considering them as oppressed with a double affliction. Most of them were sincerely attached to Gen. Taylor.

Of the twenty pall bearers, bald and grey heads were for the most part the portion. One or two old officers, and one or two venerable statesman tottered with age. On the shoulders of Mr. Custis, I perceived the ancient Washington epaulette, which he has worn on great occasions for fifty years. Though less ample than the modern mountings, it has covered illustrious shoulders. Although the coffin of the President was plain, (but rich,) there was some emblematic decorations. Beside the tassels ngs, there was a silver miniature eagle adorning the head of the coffin, and one on each side of its upper part. Rich broad cloth covered the exterior mahogany case, in which was placed the interior leaden coffin, this style being preferred by the family to the metallic case, Egyptian shaped, so beautifully made in your city, and in one of which was deposited the remains of Mr. Calhoun, also of Mrs. Madison. Nothing could be more natural than the face of the President. Every feature was fair, placid and expressive of the temper and attributes of the soul that had fled from its perishable tenement, to mingle with other spirits in the mysterious land. I looked, returned to my seat, and went and looked again; I wanted to linger and contemplate—while decay had not yet began to obliterate those noble lines of countenance—that reflection, that mirror of the soul, in which could yet be

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CONFLICT BETWEEN HUMAN AND DIVINE LAW.

This is a topic, which has of late been discussed throughout our Union, in some quarters with no little bitterness, and in most perhaps with an excitement of feeling unfavorable to the calm exercise of reason. We propose to say a word or two on the general subject without reference to the sectional controversies now at issue, on which we have already made our own opinions sufficiently clear. The first question is: Can mankind be expected to make progress in the divine law, or has revelation already uttered all its voices? The history of Christendom suggests the answer. The written law of Christ has remained unchanged; but from beneath its letter the spiritual industry of the last century, (as well as of previous epochs of inquiry and reform,) has unfolded many principles, which are now regarded as axioms of practical Christianity. The grave has not yet wholly closed over the generation, that supposed piracy legitimated by letters of marque; nor have we ever known more devout Christians than several of our venerable friends, who served their country in the war of the Revolution by robbing English merchant ships, and never imagined it a sin that needed repentance. Aggressive war was not laid under the ban of the Church until our own times. John Newton was not a wonder or an enigma to his fellow-Christians, when he was the praying captain of a slaveship. Nay, the balance of historical testimony inclines in favor of the hypothesis, that the African slave-trade originated in the mistaken humanity of Las Casas, than whom Christ has seldom had a more devout disciple.* The conscience of the religious world has been till of late sadly torpid as to almost every form of immoral agency not involving overt violence or fraud on the part of the agent. What an entire revolution has taken place also in the acknowledged relations of Christian communities to their offending members! Vindictive punishments until recently have been regarded as in accordance with the divine will and example, and the law of retaliation has been deemed as much a law of the gospel as if Christ had not abrogated it. In view of all this admitted progress, who will dare to maintain that additional light is not yet to break forth from the divine word?

Now what is the perfection of human law? It undoubtedly consists in the closest possible conformity at every successive stage to the existing knowledge of the divine law. This conformity has in time past been brought about in three ways. *First*, by an equity jurisdiction, which in hard cases should warp the administration of the existing law into harmony with the better notions of right which were beginning to prevail; and under these general heads we may class courts of chancery, chancery functions in the hands of the courts of law, and the suspending power which in one form or another is lodged in every executive. 2. By the gradual dissuetude of such statutes as the public mind outgrows, which thus are virtually annulled without formal abrogation. 3. By the express abolition of laws no longer consistent with the popular notions of right. With respect to many ancient legal arrangements, these three steps have all taken place in quiet succession; as to others, the third has been brought about by a paroxysmal effort of outraged humanity to burst its legal bonds. And if there is still to be moral progress in Christendom, these same steps must still be pursued, till human law is in entire harmony with the divine. Now suppose that the governing power, whether autocratic, aristocratic, or that of an interested *caste* in a republic, refuses to take these steps, and insists on preserving and reinforcing laws that do violence to the consciences of the majority of the people, or of such of them as adhere to the law of God. In this case quiet and prolonged acquiescence is in the nature of things impossible. Conscience will demand and vindicate its rights, either by active opposition tending to the overthrow of the governing power, or else by the passive refusal to aid in the execution of the obnoxious laws,—a measure equally revolutionary in its tendency. Thus governments can secure their own stability, only by yielding to the spirit of the times, and conforming their legislation to the state of the collective conscience.

But it may be alleged that, while laws may be thus modified, the fundamental constitution of a nation is sacred against this process of amendment, and binds the original parties to a social compact, and their successors for generations to come, to the wrongs that were not deemed wrongs when the compact was made. We reply that a constitution is to a great degree legislative in its character and its functions, and is therefore in the forum of conscience to be dealt with on the same principles that apply to what is commonly denominated legislation. The only difference is that, as a constitution embodies fundamental law, that is, the choicest and most essential portions of what is regarded as just and right at the time of its formation, it should be changed with peculiar deliberation, and only with a fuller consent of the people than may be necessary for matters of current legislation. This principle is recognized in the prescribed forms of amendment for the Constitutions of our national and all our state governments, in some of which a Convention is necessary for the purpose, in others a separate vote of the people, in others the consent of two thirds or three fourths of the legislature. But all our Constitution-makers confessed their fallibility and did homage to the progressive spirit of Christendom, by providing modes for the peaceable amendment of their respective instruments. A Constitution, that had no such provision, would be a monument of atrocious folly, and probably could not survive the generation that enacted it; for, before any of its details had grown obsolete, the felt necessity of its prospective change would make it intolerable.

But written constitutions are an invention of the new world. Nay, their existence here may be fairly questioned. It might be maintained that the aggregate of traditionary rights, usages and obligations, which made the people of our respective states and our nation one, and rendered the written compact possible, were the actual Constitutions, and that what we call by that name are simply the earliest codes of laws which it was found necessary to enact. The Constitutions of the old world were never written; and they have quietly obeyed the law of progress. The British Constitution has been appealed to from time immemorial, and in theory has undergone no change. Yet the constitutional writers of every century have ascribed to it provisions, which those of the next century have regarded as obsolete. The British Constitution at any given time is the aggregate of rights claimed, usages complied with and obligations owned by the collective moral sense of British subjects; and the attempt to re-enact or enforce those of its ancient provisions, which the nation has outgrown, would issue in a violent revolution. Whether a constitution be written or unwritten, its permanence depends on its flexibility,—its literal or traditional construction is the surest way to dishonor and overthrow it. The *ship* of state is an unfortunate figure. No ship can outride the waves of progressive knowledge and conscience. But a raft is safe where a ship would founder. It may be warped and racked, it may let in the water between its seams, without sinking. Rotten timbers may be cut adrift, and sound timbers spliced to the fabric, until not a log of the old raft shall remain, and yet it shall keep the same cargo afloat and well-conditioned. It was evidently in this light that the founders of our national Constitution regarded it. They meant only to build a raft, on which the nation might keep afloat a little while and stave off instant annihilation. But it is to this very fact that it has owed its continued existence to the present time, and may owe its permanence for centuries to come, if those charged with its pilotage will keep it still free and flexible as our fathers made it.

* Las Casas, it is true, as shown by Mr. Tickner, at a later period of his life contemplated his earlier opinion on this subject with regret; and "expressed a fear that, although he had fallen into the error of favoring the importation of black slaves into America from ignorance and good will, he might, after all, fail to stand excused for it before the Divine Justice."

A similar change took place in the mind of John Newton. These facts, however, do not affect the correctness of our statement, while they confirm the general tone of our remarks.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

The science of Biblical criticism has hitherto been the exclusive province of those who are conversant with the original languages of the Scriptures; and common readers have been made acquainted only with its results, not with its reasons or its processes. But need this be? The intrinsic ambiguities of language, the questions left open by the ancient modes of writing, the degree to which Hebrew idioms affect the exposition of the Greek text, the construction of particles, the grounds of critical conjecture, might all be rendered perfectly clear to the well-informed English reader, so that he could appreciate in full the weight of argument alleged in behalf of different interpretations of the same passage. The history of the Hebrew and Greek texts, the sources of various readings, and the means and grounds of textual emendation, might also in like manner be easily placed within the knowledge of all intelligent Christians. What is needed for these ends is a manual of Biblical criticism wholly in English; and if it be maintained that there are insuperable difficulties in the way of such a work, we can only answer that the enterprise has been hopefully commenced by a scholar in every way competent to the task, and that he has already made sufficient progress in it to have entire confidence in its successful issue.

THEORIES OF MEDICINE.

We are grieved, out not surprised, by the numerous symptoms of disaffection with the Clergy as a body, that have recently appeared among members of the Medical profession. We apprehend that ministers lend themselves with peculiar facility to the various forms of quackery and irregular practice. Their countenance is eagerly sought by venders of patent medicines and other adventurers in the healing art, and every device is employed to force experiments upon them or their families, and to procure from them attestations and recommendations. As educated and reasoning men they place great reliance on their own powers of observation and judgment; and, from their conversance with the sick and suffering, and their earnest desire to relieve distress and create happiness, they are led to urge upon those within their sphere of influence whatever remedies or modes of treatment they have known to be successful. There is, however, but one standard of judgment, to which they are qualified to make appeal; and that is the plausible, but very delusive standard of apparent results on a very narrow scale. They reason inductively from individual cases; but the science of medicine is too vast and complicated, for the experience of one man, or a few, or even of a single generation, to furnish sufficient premises for inductive reasoning of a general character. Induction on too narrow a basis of facts is less safe than conjecture, inasmuch as common sense enters largely into the latter process, while it is eliminated from the former, and in no department of knowledge more thoroughly than in that now under consideration. We propose to offer a few reasons why the inductions of an unscientific observer ought not to be relied upon in medical matters.

In the first place, the relation of antecedent and consequent is not necessarily that of cause and effect. Many diseases are self-limited; and, though their course may be shortened or their severity mitigated by judicious treatment, will at all events leave the patient sooner or later. Where there is no organic lesion, and the vital functions have not yet yielded to natural decay, the tendency is towards recovery, not death. The unaffected portions of the system, by their healthy action, are gradually working for the restoration of the diseased portion. The *vis medicatrix* of nature is after all the wise physician's chief ground of confidence, and he aims rather to help and expedite, than to supersede its operation. But through this energy, many more recoveries than fatal cases occur under any and every system of medicine; and under every system there are not infrequent instances of sudden, surprising, unexpected restoration. The most absurd and barbarous modes of practice may be sustained by strong and authentic statistical arguments. We could on this ground vindicate the Thomsonian practice, which we believe to be dangerous in the extreme, and as likely as any device not of murderous intent to frustrate all hope of recovery, but which is sometimes accompanied by astonishingly favorable results.

Then again, let it be considered that the very fact that any system has practitioners and subjects, is a proof that it not infrequently seems to work well. A system, which always killed its patients, could not survive its second year. Nor yet is it conceivable that any mode of treatment should not sometimes be useful, nay, the best mode practicable. The hands of the motionless clock point right twice a day. The Procrustes bed of the one-idea or one-remedy practitioner must at short intervals receive patients whose measure it precisely fits. And, if there are systems which really do neither good nor harm, there are undoubtedly some cases, in which it is best that nothing should be done.

Some of the more violent modes of practice undoubtedly owe their occasional efficacy to their violence. They give a shock to the system, and set the internal *vis medicatrix* vigorously at work. A dose of lobelia or a *douche* bath may thus effect the cure of a complaint, for which it is as far as possible from being a specific, and for which a whipping or a sudden fright would have answered the same purpose. The Chinese practice of medicine consists of a series of violent and seemingly aimless onslaughts upon the patient, and yet recovery takes place under it often enough to sustain the profession in good credit.

Diet and regimen are under all systems undoubtedly often more efficacious than medicine; and the regular practice often has injustice done it from the fact that in connection with it injunctions of this class are much less generally heeded, than under other systems. The dyspeptic applies to an allopathic physician, who prescribes some slight remedy or none, but tells the patient what and how much he may eat, and what he must not eat. The rules are transgressed every day, the patient grows worse, and jumps at the conclusion that his medical adviser knew nothing about his case. He goes to a homœopathist, who gives him certain infinitesimal doses of sulpher or charcoal, and tells him that they will be worse than useless unless he adhere to a complicated, yet salutary system of observances and abstinences in the matter of food. The air of mystery given to the process appeals to a certain superstitious feeling, the man obeys, straightway recovers, and is thenceforward a propagandist of the school of Hahnemann, while all that he needed was an equally obedient spirit under the regime first prescribed. Another patient is suffering under a disease of the nerves. His family physician prescribes early rising, much fresh air and vigorous exercise, together with medicines on which he lays no independent stress. The medicine is taken; but the directions are at first half followed, and in a few days forgotten. Entire nervous prostration ensues, and resort is had to a hydropathic institution. There the patient is dragged from his bed before sunrise, driven staff in hand to the hillside or the riverside, and provided only with the simplest and coarsest fare; and he recovers by precisely the same instrumentality of which he had scorned to avail himself at home.

In many cases, the system, which really does nothing, may seem successful, because all that the patient needs is a revulsion of feeling, a hopeful frame of mind, and the continued operation of causes that have already begun to take effect. The subject of chronic disease may have taken medicine enough, the active force of the disease may be subdued, and still the morbid habitude of the system lingers because courage is lost, energy crippled, and the animal spirits permanently depressed. In this state the simple resort to a new practitioner who is unsparing in his promises may be all that is needed, and bread pills or colored water from his hand would restore the patient as promptly and as effectually as the nostrums that are actually administered. We knew once an ignorant and intemperate sailor, who advertised himself as a physician for incurables. His door was besieged by crowds from far and near. Many, who had been given over by regular practitioners, recovered, and many more, whose days were numbered, were stimulated for a season to seeming convalescence. But the man was too notoriously an ignoramus, to have administered anything more salutary, and probably too cunning to administer anything more deleterious, than hope.

Many are captivated by the seeming completeness and pretended certainty of new medical systems, and make it a reproach against regular practitioners, that they confess their frequent ignorance, and acknowledge that their most confident calculations are sometimes baffled. We on the other hand feel always reassured by the modesty and magnanimity of this confession. It is a mark of true science. It indicates the essential condition of the leading art, groping its cautious way among the compexities of a system so fearfully and wonderfully made, that there is but one book in which all its members are written, and but one eye to which all its mysteries are clear. The pretence that all is known that can be known, the offer of unfailing specifics, the attempt to reduce medical science to a complete system, is proof positive of ignorance or imposture.

We trust that we have not transcended our province in entering our plea in behalf of the medical faculty. We confess our own ignorance, we know that the issues of life and death are in the hands of God; but we believe that the members of this profession are the honored instruments in his hands for averting disease and rolling back the shadow of death. Long and careful observation has given us increasing confidence in the skill and wisdom of those, who alone can claim to be legitimate successors of the great fathers of medical science. Our own overflowing gratitude or the unwearied kindness and faithfulness of our family physician may have helped enlarge heart towards his brethren; but if there be a class of men, who with the rarest exceptions merit the undivided confidence, esteem and love of the whole community, that class is the regular physicians of New England.

THE WHITE CLOVER.

Perhaps some of our young readers, who profess an interest in the more showy flowers of the garden, are unaware what curiously and wonderfully wrought creations,—miracles of divine power and skill,—they are every day trampling under foot, as possessing no claims on their interest, and unworthy their inspection. We propose to analyse a single plant of this despised class, that we may awaken attention to the symmetry and beauty displayed in a multitude of others, equally neglected. We have selected the common white clover, specimens of which almost all our readers have the means of comparing with our description. In this we first have the fibrous root, each of its numerous fibres terminating in a spongy cap, and the whole, as viewed through a powerful microscope, surrounded by minute hairs, each of which is a capillary tube, adapted to draw liquid nutriment from the soil. Then there is the delicately furrowed stalk, to the naked eye homogeneous in its texture, but, when magnified, exhibiting a system of perfectly organized vessels, for the transmission of the sap from the root to the leaves and blossoms,—a system closely analogous to that of the veins in the human body. Next we have the leaves—to preserve which from being broken by the wind, or the tread of animals, each leaf-stalk grows from a swelling joint, and is sheathed by a hard dry membrane, not unlike the outer coat of an onion in its texture. Each of the stalks bears at its extremity three leaflets, so beautifully veined, so finely serrated, the purplish green so exquisitely contrasted in each with a semi-circular spot of white, that the attempt to copy them would baffle the most accomplished artist. These leaves are the lungs of the plant, inhaling the vital air, and exhaling such of the gases evolved from the sap as are not needed for purposes of nutriment. Next comes the flower, and in this a marvellous minuteness of structure presents itself. The flower, we said; but wrongly. The clover blossom is not one flower, but a cluster of from twenty to a hundred distinct and perfect flowers. Each of these grows on its own little foot-stalk. Each has its own four-toothed calyx, and its own corolla, with its spreading banner, wings and keel. Each has its ten minute stamens, and its perfectly-formed pistil. Within each, in due time, the germ is developed, and a pod, containing three or four seeds, is formed and filled. Each, at the fitting season, sheds its ripened seed upon the ground, as the embryo of the next year's crop. Thus a single stalk of clover may produce seed enough to multiply itself several hundred times. Yet this curious, complex, and prolific plant is one of the most common, least singular, and least-heeded species in the vegetable creation. Well might the Christian poet say:—

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"IN MEMORIAM."

This is the title of a beautifully printed volume just published by Ticknor, Reed and Fields;—a book of elegiac poems by Alfred Tennyson, and the most beautiful series of the kind in our language. A son of Hallam the historian, the friend of Tennyson and betrothed to his sister, died at sea in 1833, and here are poems, written through a period of sixteen years, something after the manner of a diary, the natural outflowing of a poetic heart, and all by the most delicate possible associations connecting us with one being. The book in its form reminds us of Petrarch and of Dante. Arthur, though seldom named, as much pervades the whole volume, and is as much the ruling genius of its pages, as Laura or Beatrice in the Italian works which have so endeared themselves to all who love the greatest of the Italian poets. The image of the lost friend is not so distinct as that of Beatrice. It is rather an influence breathing upon us through all pure and gentle thoughts, and felt more than seen.

> Whatever way my days decline,
> I felt and felt, though left alone,
> His being working in mine own,
> The footsteps of his life in mine;
>
> A life that all the Muses deck'd
> With gifts of grace that might express
> All-comprehensive tenderness,
> All subtilising intellect:
>
> And so my passion hath not swerved
> To works of weakness, but I find
> An image comforting the mind,
> And in my grief a strength reserved.

The volume opens with what may be called a dedicatory poem of the deepest tenderness.

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove.
>
> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die:
> And thou hast made him: thou art just.
>
> Thou seemest human and divine,
> The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
> Our wills are ours, we know not how;
> Our wills are ours, to make them thine.
>
> Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day and cease to be:
> They are but broken lights of thee,
> And thou, O Lord, art more than they.
>
> We have but faith; we cannot know:
> For knowledge is of things we see;
> And yet our trust it comes from thee,
> A beam in darkness: let it grow.
>
> Forgive my grief for one removed,
> Thy creature whom I found so fair.
> I trust he lives in thee, and there
> I find him worthier to be loved.

After this invocation, of which we have given but a part, the record begins with impressions at first very sad but indistinct.

> I held it truth, with him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That men may rise on stepping stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things.
>
> I sometimes held it half a sin
> To put in words the grief I feel;
> For words, like nature, half reveal
> And half conceal the Soul within.

He muses on the commonness of the event without relief.

> That loss is common would not make
> My own loss bitter, rather more:
> Too common! Never morning wore
> To evening, but some heart did break.

Objects of familiar interest give nothing of their former pleasure. He turns away from

> Doors, where his heart was used to beat
> So quickly, waiting for a hand,
> A hand that shall be clasped no more.
>
> So find I every pleasant spot
> In which we two were wont to meet,
> The field, the chamber, and the street,
> For all is dark where thou art not.

His dearest affections and pursuits are in the same manner changed.

> So seems it in my deep regret,
> O my forsaken heart, with thee
> And this poor flower of poesy
> Which little cared for, fades not yet.
>
> But since it pleased a vanished eye,
> I go to plant it on his tomb,
> That if it can it there may bloom,
> Or dying there at least may die.

After this there are exquisite little poems which call before us the ship, her passage, the thoughts that go out to meet her, and the freight she brings.

> Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,
> And travelled men from foreign lands;—
> And letters into trembling hands;
> And thy dark freight, a vanished life.

Then comes the terrible calm which spreads through and over everything, "the moon without a sound," "the calm, still light on yon great plain," "calm and deep peace in this wide air,"

> "And in my heart, if calm at all,
> If any calm, a calm despair."

After this, or rather interchanging with it, is the restlessness of grief, which is here exquisitely represented, and from time to time there is a feeling, as if there must be some mistake, and as if after all the loved one must appear again. If on the return of some ship it should be reported that he also had come, and the poet rushing to the wharf should find him there; and he

> Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
> And ask a thousand things of home;
>
> And I should tell him all my pain,
> And how my life had drooped of late,
> And he should sorrow o'er my state
> And marvel what possessed my brain;
>
> And I perceive no touch of change,
> No hint of death in all his frame,
> But found him all in all the same,
> I should not feel it to be strange.

But these thoughts pass away. The body is brought home, "Among familiar names to rest and in the places of his youth."

> Come then pure hands, and bear the head
> That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
> And come, whatever loves to weep,
> And hear the ritual of the dead.

We are obliged to pass over some of the intermediate stages of retrospection, introspection, weariness and loneliness, most beautiful and touching as they are, till we come to more Christian feelings. There are three songs suggested by Christmas in which the mind is struggling up to a better state, and something like a conviction of immortality, and these are followed by three as perfect gems of Christian poetry as we have ever met.

XXXI.

> When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
> And home to Mary's house returned,
> Was this demanded,—if he yearned
> To hear her weeping by his grave?
>
> "Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"
> There lives no record of reply,
> Which telling what it is to die
> Had surely added praise to praise.
>
> From every house the neighbors met,
> The streets were filled with joyful sound,
> A solemn gladness even crowned
> The purple brows of Olivet.
>
> Behold a man raised up by Christ!
> The rest remaineth unrevealed;
> He told it not; or something sealed
> The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII.

> Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
> Nor other thought her mind admits
> But, he was dead, and there he sits,
> And he that brought him back is there.
>
> Then one deep love doth supersede
> All other, when her ardent gaze
> Roves from the living brother's face,
> And rests upon the life indeed.
>
> All subtle thought, all curious fears,
> Borne down by gladness so complete,
> She bows, she bathes her Saviour's feet
> With costly spikenard and with tears.
>
> Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
> Whose loves in higher love endure;
> What souls possess themselves so pure,
> Or is there blessedness like theirs?

We are not quite sure but that we prefer the following to either of the others. How much of reason there is in its simple feelings?

> O thou that after toil and storm
> Mayest seem to have reached a purer air,
> Whose faith has centre everywhere,
> Nor cares to fix itself to form—
>
> Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
> Her early heaven, her happy views;
> Nor thou with shadowing hint confuse
> A life that leads melodious days.
>
> Her faith through form is pure as thine,
> Her hands are quicker unto good,
> O sacred be the flesh and blood
> To which she links a truth divine!
>
> See, thou that countest reason ripe
> In holding by the law within,
> Thou fail not in a world of sin,
> And e'en for want of such a type.

Again doubts come in. There are reasonings which do not satisfy the heart, and feelings which do not harmonise with the intellect; but these discrepancies are subdued and triumphed over.

> He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them: thus he came at length
>
> To find a stronger faith his own;
> And Power was with him in the night,
> Which makes the darkness and the light,
> And dwells not in the light alone.

The present condition of his friend becomes almost as real as the past, and has its appropriate quieting and refining influence. A purer world is opened around him.

> How pure at heart and sound in head,
> With what divine affections bold,
> Should be the man whose thought would hold
> An hour's communion with the dead.
>
> In vain shalt thou, or any, call
> The spirits from their golden day,
> Except, like them, thou too canst say
> My spirit is at peace with all.
>
> They haunt the silence of the breast,
> Imaginations calm and fair,
> The memory like a cloudless air,
> The conscience as a sea at rest.
>
> But when the heart is full of din,
> And doubt beside the portal waits,
> They can but listen at the gates,
> And hear the household jar within.

The union between the living and the dead becomes more natural and joyous through a reverential love and faith.

> Love is and was my King and Lord,
> And will be, though as yet I keep
> Within his court on earth, and sleep
> Encompassed by his faithful guard,
>
> And hear at times a sentinel
> That moves about from place to place,
> And whispers to the vast of space
> Among the worlds that all is well.
>
> And all is well, though faith and form
> Be sundered in the night of fear;
> Well roars the storm to those that hear
> A deeper voice across the storm.

The spirit in which the volume closes may be understood from the stanzas quoted below, though as a finale there is a marriage hymn of surpassing beauty. On the whole, though there are in the book passages which are nothing to us, we can in truth say that it is a long time since we have read a new volume of poetry with so pure and deep a satisfaction, or with so strong a desire to keep it by us as one of our few lasting benefactors and friends. But we must give the stanzas we referred to.

> Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
> So far, so near, in woe and weal;
> O, loved the most when most I feel
> There is a lower and a higher;
>
> Known and unknown, human, divine!
> Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
> Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
> Mine, mine, forever, ever mine!
>
> Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
> Loved deepliest, darkliest understood;
> Behold I dream a dream of good
> And mingle all the world with thee.
>
> Thy voice is on the rolling air;
> I hear thee where the waters run;
> Thou standest in the rising sun,
> And in the setting thou art fair.
>
> What art thou then? I cannot guess;
> But though I seem in star and flower
> To feel thee some diffusive power,
> I do not therefore love thee less:
>
> My love involves the love before;
> My love is vaster passion now;
> Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
> I seem to love thee more and more.
>
> Far off thou art but ever nigh:
> I have thee still, and I rejoice;
> I prosper, circled with thy voice;
> I shall not lose thee though I die.
>
> O living will that shalt endure
> When all that seems shall suffer shock,
> Rise in the spiritual rock,
> Flow through our deeds and make them pure,
>
> That we may lift from out the dust
> A voice as unto him that hears,
> A cry above the conquered years
> To one that with us works, and trust
>
> With faith that comes of self-control,
> The truths that never can be proved
> Until we close with all we loved,
> And all we flow from, soul in soul.

"Lovest thou me *more than these?*"—John xxi, 15.

We heard it confidently affirmed, the other day, that the pronoun rendered *these* in this question refers to *the boat and the fishing gear*, not to *the other apostles*, and we find that two or three commentators give the same interpretation. In our view the Greek text barely admits this exposition, while grammatical consideration, render the other incomparably more probable. Moreover, for our Saviour to have asked Peter whether he loved him better than a boat, would have been an insult to Peter's ardent and generous nature. But there seem to have been obvious reasons, why Peter should have been invited to compare himself with his fellow-disciples as to the depth of his affection. He had said before the crucifixion, "Though they all shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended." And now uncured of over-forward protestations of affection by the sad issue of that boast, he had been making in the presence of six of his brethren an extravagant display of the same kind. When from his boat he saw Jesus on the shore, though but a little way off and approaching land, he threw himself into the water, and rushed to his Master's embrace, Jesus most pertinently asked him, "Dost thou really love me more than Thomas and Nathaniel, James and John, who have made no such extravagant demonstrations of their attachment?" He then in proposing to him as the test of affection, "Feed my sheep,—feed my lambs," virtually says, "Peter, this eager, impulsive display of emotion is not enough. In itself, it means little, and is worth little. You may be thrown into rapture by seeing me, or by the mention of my name when I have gone from you; and yet, if you cannot bear the yoke of patient, self-denying service, in vain will you cry, *Lord, Lord,*—you will be among those, to whom I must say, *Depart from me, I never knew you.* Gird yourself then for the humble persevering toil of a laborer in the gospel vineyard. Stoop to the needs of the most lowly and the youngest, whom you can lead to the knowledge and obedience of the truth. Watch for their souls with a shepherd's unslumbering assiduity. Meekly instruct, gently guide the ignorant and feeble. Do my bidding, keep my charge for the propagation of my religion among the benighted and perishing. Thus will you show a love deeper and more enduring, than can manifest itself in any precipitate display of personal fondness, or utter itself in the strongest language that emotion can dictate."

[For the Christian Register.]

Messrs. Editors,—Let me use a small space in your valuable columns, for the purpose of calling attention to a little volume which I hardly remember to have seen noticed, entitled "Echoes of Infant Voices," and published last year by Crosby & Nichols. It is a selection of some of the best modern pieces on the death of children, compiled, we understand, by a sister of our recent minister at Billerica, and does equal credit to her feelings and her taste. The book is printed in the best style of the Cambridge press, and Editor and Publishers have combined to make it worthy of its subject. It contains, among many other exquisite pieces, that simple and eloquent one of Pierpont s, beginning, "I cannot *make* him dead;" Longfellow's "Resignation;" a consolation to Parents, (which has not probably been seen by many of our readers,) by the late James H. Perkins of Cincinnati; and one by Emerson, which is a volume in itself, and would take a volume to criticise it worthily, the "Threnody" on his Child, the most remarkable *Echo of an Infant Voice* ever set down in written speech; perhaps the most profoundly moving expression of such a bereavement that was ever composed in our language, stirring down among thoughts and sensations that "lie too deep for tears"—a strain which one surely cannot find it in his heart to criticise by any creed;—these and many other more or less known verses will be found in the volume which we most cordially recommend to those who have felt the loss of children or cherish the Christian sympathy for childhood. To all such, we are confident, the book, will recommend itself, and will become to many hearts a pleasant and precious companion. B.

[For the Register]

To those Interested in Sunday Schools.—*Christian Friends*—The Sunday School Society has eighty-eight life members, according to its last annual report. The Society is increasing in usefulness and power; as the abovementioned report abundantly testifies. By the gratuitous labors of its officers and agents thousands of children are addressed each year. I learn, from the Treasurer, that the printing of the last report leaves the Society in debt about one hundred dollars. I have thought of a way of relief in this extremity, which I am sure will be readily accepted by our Sunday Schools. It is, that each school make its Superintendant a *Life Member* by paying ten dollars into the Treasury. If any member of the church wishes to compliment his minister or his minister's Lady, he can send ten dollars to the Treasurer for that purpose, and all such donations will be recognized in the Christian Register. As the debt of the Society must be paid very soon, by the officers, it would be a grateful relief to them to receive aid at the earliest convenience of the liberal and enlightened friends of the cause.

Philopaidia.

[We would recommend those of our readers who are interested in the subject of the following communication, to read very carefully Mr. Webster's Newburyport letter, and Mr. Mann's two letters, and then to decide for themselves which of our very intelligent correspondents is right:]

For the Register.

MR. WEBSTER AND MR. MANN.

Mr. Editor,—I am sorry to trespass again upon your attention; but, in the interest of truth and fairness, I am induced to attempt once more to correct the error of your correspondent, with regard to the position of Mr. Mann and Mr. Webster.

Your correspondent says that Mr. Webster did not take the position he is said to have taken in my former article. I have referred again to his actual language, and think there can be no doubt upon it. He says, that, except the clauses of the Constitution securing trial by jury in criminal prosecutions, and in suits at common law, "there is no other clause or sentence in the Constitution *having the least bearing* on the subject." But your correspondent says that "the subject" to which he referred was not the trial by jury generally; but the statement of Mr. Mann, that the jury trial was "secured by the Consitution in the specific case of alleged fugitive slaves."

Now, by reference to Mr. Webster's letter it appears that he takes the position above-mentioned before he comes to speak of Mr. Mann, or of what Mr. Mann had said. It is after setting forth all the clauses of the Constitution "having the least bearing on the subject" of *jury trials*, that he proceeds to his angry and ill-considered remarks on Mr. Mann.

I have no means of knowing what Mr. Webster intended to say, beyond his published words; and it is evident that these are broadly applicable to the whole *subject* of jury trials. Indeed, no other interpretation of them is consistent with their most obvious signification. For instance: Mr. Webster says, "the Constitution declares that in suits at common law the trial by jury shall be preserved;" and he then goes on to say, (wrongly as it seems to me,) that the reclaiming of a fugitive slave is not a suit at common law. Having recited this and one other clause of the Constitution, and carefully excluded the reclaiming of a fugitive slave from their influence, he proceeds to say, "there is no other clause or sentence in the Constitution having the least bearing on the subject." What subject? Clearly, the subject of jury-trials. And this is one of the errors which Mr. Mann has exposed. There are other clauses bearing on this subject.

The other error is found in the extravaganza of Mr. Webster, that "*nothing is more false* than that such jury trial is demanded in cases of this kind by the Constitution, either in its letter or *spirit*." Your correspondent has the hardihood to vindicate this position. And he does it by referring to the clause, requiring that persons escaping from service or labor shall be delivered up. Here he errs by saying that this provision is "almost identical" with that respecting fugitives from justice. But he errs still further, by supposing that this provision can be construed without reference to other parts of the Constitution, and to the whole *spirit* of this instrument. And surely he has studied our Consitution to little purpose; he is little imbued by the proper influences of American institutions, who ventures to assert that, under the Constitution of the United States and its amendments, a trial by jury is not demanded in all cases of *liberty*; if not by the letter, at least by the *spirit*.

Congress has failed to provide for this trial by adequate legislation; but, by this neglect, it has not in any way altered the original obligations of the Constitution, whether in its letter or spirit. These still remain; precisely as the obligations of the Constitution with regard to the surrender of fugitive slaves existed before the law of 1793, by which the alleged rights of the slave-owner were made available. At the present moment the alleged fugitive is without legislative protection under the Constitution: as the slave-owner, anterior to the law of 1793, was without legislative means for enforcing his claim. And the *spirit*, if not the letter of the Constitution, is as strong for the protection of the alleged fugitive, as it was for the enforcement of the claim of the slave-owner.

Your correspondent alludes in conclusion to what he calls "the prevalent coarse and unjustifiable tone of Mr. Mann's letter." It is painful to me to say anything in disparagement of Mr. Webster; but it does seem to me that these words fitly apply to him in his recent controversy with Mr. Mann. Besides, in *personalities* he was the first offender. X.

[For the Register.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSIONS.

A few Thoughts suggested by the Westminster Sunday School Excursion. July 27th, 1850.

There is no Sabbath School this morning. The Teachers cannot talk with the children of the charming day spent at "Rocky Point." It is just as well. Children do not love to think, nor to moralize, whatever religion they have is very practical, they do not care anything about what the parent or teacher *says*, unless they see it acted out every day and hour. There is no use in telling them what they ought to feel, unless they see, with their own quick eyes, that you *do* feel it. We will not burden them with anything but the memory of all their enjoyment; we can recall it when we want an illustration, or need it to point a moral.

But there were many besides children there, and we think we shall but express their thoughts for them, if we tell a few of our own, for one could hardly spend such a long bright day, within reach of so many kindly influences of sun, and air, and children's merry voices, and not have some thoughts suggested to them.

As we looked around on the well filled steamboat speeding us to our destination, it seemed a scene of the truest social enjoyment, and we could but think that it was one of the many beneficent results that spring from the "Sunday School." In no other way could so many different people be brought together so easily, so sociably, so agreeably. Many were there made friends who might otherwise never have met, never have liked each other, because they did not know each other, for that is half the time the reason why people do not like each other; but a common interest, and a common cause, and a good one too, gives them many sympathies in common, and so many enjoyments. For this, as for every other social blessing, we must thank Christianity; how many of us thought of it yesterday? And what leveller like Christianity? All distinctions except such as superior goodness or agreeability may confer, were forgotten yesterday; the great man or woman would not have been great there, except as they knew how to swing the youngsters, or set the table well. What a variety were scattered around, of old and middle-aged and young, and rich and poor, and gentle and simple, and intellectual and those who knew they were *not* intellectual. The aristocrat, or the fashionable, or the exclusive, could not have remained such *there* one moment; there would have been something in the moral atmosphere, and it may be physical too, that would have shorn them at once, of any qualification they fancied peculiarly their own. There may have been some spell at work, as it was, for everybody seemed gentle and simple and enjoying themselves. One could not but think Christianity had made some progress, in comparing such a day as yesterday, and one in the lives of the monks and nuns of old. It would be like going from the sunshine into one of those natural ice-houses we read of. With which manifestation, think you, would Jesus have the most sympathy?

There was so much of enjoyment that all could have in common, and that brought to us another train of thought. We are no: of that class of thinkers, who have a great idea of the happiness of this world. We are strongly inclined to the truth of the old proverb, that only "children and fools are happy," those who do not think, those who cannot think, and adding those who *will* not think. The conscientious, the sympathizing, and the reflecting, must have too many trials in their own hearts, and they must feel too much the sufferings around them, to know what happiness is, save by sudden gleams, and moments that are like glimpses of opening heaven. We must become very stupid, or selfish, to be able to forget, or become indifferent to the wailings of our poor troubled humanity. Of course we do not mean the *peace* that comes from unswerving faith, and trust in God, that is higher and deeper than happiness; it has rightly been named "blessedness," and many of us have known that, when the bright angel's wings were fast bearing her beyond our vision, leaving us in a night of pain and grief and tears. The shallow thing that the world calls happiness, in its best estate is very different from that.

But though there is but little of real happiness, there is much, very much of enjoyment, and never was it more fully illustrated than yesterday. It showed to us the beautiful and blessed elasticity of the human heart. Very few of those who had come to thoughtful years, would have told you, if they spoke sincerely, that they were happy, but they could truly say that they enjoyed themselves while there. No, they were not happy, there was too much of care and anxiety, too much of fear for those they loved; for so long as we have parents and children, and brothers and sisters, and friends who may be sick and die, or sin and go astray, our hearts must tremble, though with the magnet's breath they turn to their only Pole star of faith and hope. Does this seem hard? It would be so but for this same elasticity, which gives us so much of enjoyment, by enabling us to put away for a time, our besetting care, to let alone for a season, the thronging troop of our hopes and fears and enjoy such a day as yesterday. We express the common feeling when we say, "give care to the winds." Nobody doubts that it will return to us again. This power of enjoyment in simple things, is very much lost sight of, by the sorrowing, wayward heart. It cannot enjoy anything, because it is not happy, thus refusing the very alleviations that a kind Providence provides for it. Many a sufferer nurses grief that is too deep and strong to need it; they might take all the comfort allowed them, their grief will find them out wherever they may be, or whatever they may do.

We seem to be wandering from our subject, but,

> "Hope and despondence and pleasure and pain
> Are mingled together like sunshine and rain."

We were led to do so, thinking of the many simple and pure sources of enjoyment that the world foolishly and thoughtlessly lets slip by, in its pursuit of others it fanc

race; we suppose they ought to be more dignified, but they thought they ought to entertain the company to the best of their ability. Who had a memory of anything but enjoyment as the day closed around them? The absent pastor was *dreadfully* missed; no more need we say, for we do not miss those we do not love, and so was the one, "we used to did have," but both of them had rather be where they were, and so we were glad they were not with us; we think the new Pastor would rather we would not say anything about him till we know him. Were we not all grateful for the day? How shall we prove it? The opening hymn, and closing prayer will not suffice, for thoughts and feelings to be of any value must become active. Shall we not rather prove it, by unhesitating obedience to duty, however disagreeable may be its requisitions, by unflinching sacrifice of self for the need or the good of others; by a continual remembrance of those who from such recreations are quite shut out—shut out by sickness or care or poverty? Seek them out when the summer sun has made their house hot and close, and their bodies weary and weak, and their hearts are faint and doubting; your words of sympathy and kindness will come as refreshing to them as the South breeze does to you, and they will be braced again by them; by the simple enjoyment, to new duties, and new cares, and new struggles (O how many the poor have!) with trial and temptation. PROVIDENCE.

CONSECRATION OF A CEMETERY.—A new Cemetery will be consecrated at Brighton next Wednesday, August 7th. "The Aspinwall Woods," embracing several acres, recently purchased by the town, have been prepared during the season. The avenues and paths having been laid out, and the lots made ready for sale, the place is to be set apart for the burial of the dead. We understand that this tract of woods, which has long been connected with the Aspinwall Estate, possesses great advantages, in the beauty of its scenery, its trees and soil, for the purpose, and that it is to be called 'Evergreen Cemetery.' The entrance is on South street, leading to Brookline and Newton. The gateway and fence in front are built of wood, painted the color of freestone, perhaps to give place, hereafter, to some more durable material. The gateway is to be surmounted by a broad arch, bearing inscriptions. The spot lies about midway between Mount Auburn on the one side, and the beautiful Cemetery of "Forest Hills," Roxbury, on the other, and is reached from the centre of Brighton, through Foster street.

The exercises at the consecration will take place at four o'clock, P. M. The address will be given by Rev. F. A. Whitney, and the other services will be conducted by Rev. Arthur Swazey. Cars leave the city at 3 1-2 o'clock.

[For the Christian Register.]

To "return good for evil,"—to "rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep" may seem to a worldly mind, hard sayings and impracticable; but to the Christian they are not impossible, but are delightful duties. The opportunity to do good to one who has injured us,—or the disposition to do so,—how—if there has been the least bitterness in one heart towards him—how it changes and sanctifies our feelings! To rejoice with them that rejoice even if our lot in life is far different,—what an antidote it is to envy and all uncharitableness! And to weep with those that weep,—how can we help it! Surely it must be a depraved heart that cannot feel for the sorrow-stricken one! Little can we do for the agonized spirit, but can we not do something? Yes, we can hope and we can pray for such that the "chastening of the Lord" may work out to the suffering, the "peaceable fruits of righteousness." And may not the assurance of the prayers of the sympathizing hold them, so that they can *look up*, although no words of prayer may be heard from their lips; for—

"—in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb."

These thoughts have been suggested by seeing in the Register the death of Mrs. Catherine C. Tenney, with whom, however, the writer of this was but slightly acquainted, but who has been so situated as to estimate the less she must be to those she has left,—her husband and child.—An affectionate wife—a devoted mother;—let some one eulogise her character who knows her better;—and may these few words, written more for the living than the dead, comfort and strengthen. May our blessed Saviour's voice, saying—"Come unto me, ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," be heard and received gladly, "and may God's promises and His grace, which is sufficient for us," teach all afflicted ones faith and acquiescence in His holy will.

Trust God—he'll wipe away our tears,
Will bid our sorrows cease
Will calm our anxious troubled fears,
And whisper—all is peace.

COLLINS' PROFESSOR IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Prof. Stowe, lately of the Lane Seminary in Ohio, has entered upon his duties in Bowdoin College, as Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion. In entering upon his important office, he has been favorably and joyfully received, as it was expected he would be, not only by the immediate officers and other friends of the College; but equally so by the students. Every thing now indicates, that the issues of this important and somewhat novel experiment will be entirely successful.

The Professor, by the terms of the Collins' foundation, is separated from any share in the discipline of the College. He is not expected to appear as a teacher of Dogmatics;—certainly not in any sense, which would involve controversy and be likely to give dissatisfaction. His great business is, by public and private instructions, to explain the evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion; and to explain and enforce those fundamental principles of morals and religion, in which Christians of different denominations generally agree.—And such instruction, given by the ablest teachers, is, in our view, indispensable in a College course. Certain it is, that education, without morals and religion to sustain and direct it, often causes a curse rather than a blessing. And measures having been taken to supply the great wants of the College, we can now commend it with new confidence and hope to the patronage of the community.

The above paragraph is taken from the Christian Mirror. Why may not the Hollis Professorship in Harvard University be filled in a similar way? Surely the dread of sectarian prejudices ought not to shut out *all* religious instruction from our noble University.

DIED—In Danvers, on Thursday, July 25th, Hon. DANIEL P. KING, member of Congress from the second district. Mr. King was universally respected for sound judgment and intelligence, and for those social and moral qualities which secured the confidence and affection of all who knew him. He was also a man of religious character, and one who was not ashamed to be true, in all places, to his religious principles. The loss of such a man in the hale maturity of life, with such principles, and such a capacity for usefulness, is greater than we can well understand.

THE CONTRAST.

Nay, my little lad, so neatly dressed, on your way to school this bright morning, do not look so scornfully and coldly upon the little, ragged, Irish boy running along before you. You have rather a cross expression, I am sorry to say, as if you did not feel happy, or as if something had gone wrong at home, or with your lesson. O you did not have the new, straw hat you expected, and had to wear the old cap,—Is that all! And though you have that nice thin summer suit this warm morning, and have had a pleasant breakfast with father, mother and the children, and a fine play with Ponto, and your lessons are all ready, yet, because the new hat did not come home, you are cross and discontented. I am sorry such a trifle should trouble you, and more grieved, that you should cast such a contemptuous glance upon poor Michael, for I know him very well. I will tell you about him perhaps you may forget your discontent for a while, so I will walk along to school with you.

Michael has no father, he has been dead several years, and his mother is very poor indeed. She is not well and strong, and cannot work hard as she used to do, and sometimes finds it very difficult to earn the half-dollar for the rent of her miserable attic-room, which she must pay every Saturday night, or be turned out into the street. She has very little money to spend for food or clothes, and I fear, they have had to go to bed this past winter, many times, both cold and hungry. Michael is her only child and dearly his mother loves him; she would submit to any privation, rather than be separated from him, and her heart would break, if he was a bad boy, played truant or told lies.

So she sends him to school every day, for she, poor woman, cannot read or write, and fully appreciates the advantages he has of a good school and she is looking forward to the time, when he will be a man of respectability, and a comfort and support to her in her old age. Very seldom has he any new clothes, sometimes a jacket or trowsers, which some other boy has outgrown are given to him, and for these he is very thankful. His mother tries to keep him looking decent, and minds his clothes as long as she can, but with all her care, sometimes he looks ragged, as he does now, and his very old cap is but a sorry covering, to protect his head from the hot sun of summer, and the chilling frosts of winter. Yet with all this, he is very cheerful and good-natured, and when out of school, is as fond of play as any boy, but he cannot spend all his time in play. No indeed; he will help his mother if he can. He goes every morning to brush a gentleman's boots, for which he has ninepence a week; and the good natured cook has orders always to give him a roll, or bread and meat for his breakfast, this he always takes home, to share with his mother.

He collects baskets of shavings, which are useful in kindling fires, and gets two or three cents a basketfull.

Sometimes he goes of errands, and he is so prompt and willing and honest, you can always trust him, so he earns an occasional dime or half a dime this way. "What do you do, with your money Michael?" said I to him, one day. Carry it home to my mother Mem, answered he proudly, he was so happy to earn money for his mother.

The last "Fourth of July," we had put on the table a few pennies to give him, when the cook came to say "that Michael had come, and there were six cents due to him for shavings, which his mother said, he might have for his own, to spend." I am sure he never had so much of his own before—but these six cents, added to the pennies I gave him, made him rich—and do you think he spent it all for himself. No indeed,' he gave half of it to his mother.

Michael reads the newspapers and tells her all the news, which pleases her very much. He signed the "Pledge" long ago I do not think he will ever be tempted to break it, he is too conscientious, Poor Michael knows but little of the country, deep woods, green meadows and waving cornfields. But he would not ask now, as a poor little boy once did, who heard children talking of the delights of a country visit. "What is the country, how does it look, are there any houses or streets there, what do the folks do there? Michael and his mother two years ago went into the country, on a Pic-Nic, got up by some benevolent gentlemen and ladies for such poor people, who living all the time in close lanes, and crowded streets, never have a chance to breath the pure, fresh air. If they could have heard Michael's mother describe the happiness of that day, as I did, it would be compensation sufficient, for all their trouble and fatigue.

"Such kind ladies and gentlemen, who looked after every one, to see that all were provided for; such delicious cakes and fruits and such quantities, so all had enough, and some to bring home. Such green grass in the wood, such shady trees, she never saw before."

And the kind speeches made to them, the beautiful prayer to God that made them all shed tears—the songs and hymns that were sang, all united to form a delightful fund of happiness which she and Michael were never weary of talking about.

And here we are at the school-room door, and Michael has gone far ahead of us, to his own school—do you think you shall know him again? Why there is quite a *sunshine* on your face, which was so *cloudy* but just now. You think you have so much to be thankful for when you compare your situation with his? Always remember, my boy, to be kind, gentle and considerate in both look, word and manner to those you see poorer, or with fewer advantages than you possess. Thank the good God, who has bestowed so many blessings upon you, and withholden in his own wise Providence from them. And the cast off jacket and this cap you despised so much just now you intend for Michael? Thank you my boy, how decent and comfortable he will appear in them; and now, I suppose you feel some amends in your own heart, for the scorn with which you regarded him so lately—let this then be a lesson to you for life, and ever keep the golden rule of our Saviour in remembrance—"Do as you would be done by," and there will be no danger of your falling into such errors again. A. A.

BOSTON, July 12th.

PEACE CONGRESS AT FRANKFORT.—The London News of July 13th says—"The sittings of the approaching Peace Congress at Frankfort, will commence August 27th; and careful arrangements are making to convey the English delegates and visitors from London on the 19th of August. The movement has already secured a large amount of attention, and the friends of peace throughout the country are manifesting a deep interest in the enterprise."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

DAGUERREOTYPES OF THE STARS. Taking portraits of the stars is decidedly one of the most curious and novel applications of the art of daguerreotyping, that we have heard of. At first thought, it seems like an impossibility, or rather like idle presumption to take the likeness of a star. Impossible as it appears, however, this has been done, and not only has it been done, but the likeness which thus is taken, is made the object of scientific examination, and a means of increasing our knowledge of the heavenly bodies. Mr. Bond of the Cambridge Observatory has recently succeeded in taking a daguerreotype of the star Lyræ, which is not visible to the naked eye. From an interesting communication in relation to this subject by Mr. Bond, which was published in the Advertiser, we make the following extract:

"The question will doubtless occur to many of the readers of that article, to what good purpose can this discovery be applied? One of the first direct applications of it would be the measurement of the angles of position and distance of double stars. It is interesting to be assured of the fact that the light emanating from the stars possesses the requisite chemical properties to produce effects similar to certain of the solar rays, and that these properties retain their efficacy after traversing the vast distance which separates us from the stellar regions—Of this distance some idea may possibly be formed, if we can imagine a plain of two hundred millions miles in extent, at the distance of the star alpha Lyræ, and favorably presented to a spectator situated on the earth, appearing as a mere point, only measurable by the aid of an excellent telescope, furnished with an accurate micrometer; or that light moving at the rate of 190,000 miles in a second of time would require more than twenty years to traverse the intervening space. Yet such are the facts, and it follows that the ray of light which made the first impression on our daguerreotype plate on Tuesday evening, took its departure from the star more than twenty years ago; long before Daguerre had conceived his admirable invention.

Our experimens have also a bearing upon the nature of the light emitted from the stars.

The images which we have thus far obtained, are quite decided, having pretty distinct nuclei, although elongated, and too broad for the nicer purpose of measurement. This apparent enlargement of the disc we attribute in a great measure, to two causes. One is the variable nature of atmospheric refraction, when influenced by sudden changes of temperature. This trouble we hope to get rid of by increasing the sensitiveness of the surface receiving the impressions. The other operation will then require less time and, of consequence, be subject to fewer and less extensive vibrations.

The other difficulty to be overcome is the irregular motion of the machinery which carries the telescope. Although the machinery at present attached to the telescope is the best that German ingenuity could devise, and answers a tolerable good purpose on ordinary occasions, yet it is deficient for our nicer operations. The telescope should, during the process, be propelled with a sidereal motion, in order that the successive rays from the star may fall on precisely the same part of the plate which is to receive the impression. If this be not the case, the image will be deficient in distinctness of outline and unduly enlarged.

To effect this, we intend to apply to our great equatorial a machine which we had devised for the purpose of producing uniform rotary motion, one of which machines is now constructing at the observatory, to be used in connection with the electrographic operations of the Coast Survey.

It is our purpose to pursue the subject of daguerreotyping the stars, proceeding step by step from the brighter to the lesser magnitude. We do not despair of obtaining, ultimately, faithful pictures of clusters of and even nebulæ.

Mr. Whipple, the Daguerreotypist, and his assistants, have cheerfully and perseveringly lent their aid on several occasions during the past and present years, furnishing us plates, apparatus, and valuable time, without charge.

SHORTENING THE PASSAGE TO EUROPE.—It appears that ten days are *too long* a time for people of the present day to spend in a passage to Europe, and that a plan to render it shorter is beginning to be discussed. We know nothing about the practicability of the scheme proposed, but in this age of changes and marvels, should not wonder if it were carried into effect. The following brief sketch of the plan and of the movements in its favor is taken from the Bangor Whig:—

"A very general and deep interest is felt now in the province of New Brunswick and in different parts of Maine, in reference to a grand project of national and world-wide interest, as well as of high state value, it being no less than the establishment of a connecting line of railroad between Portland and Halifax, through Bangor, to run in connection with a line of steamships from Halifax to Whitehaven, thence by railroad to Dublin and from Dublin to Liverpool by water. This route will make the passage from New York to Liverpool reduced to seven days. A very able petition has been laid before the Legislature of this State for a survey of the route to the outward boundary of the State, to meet the survey now being prosecuted by the province of New Brunswick. We trust that the Representatives of the people of Maine are sufficiently moved in favor of our noble State doing a little something worthy of herself and her destiny, to authorize this survey and thus help to promote a project of incalculable value to the State as serving to awaken her energies, unfold her resources, stimulate her industry, and cause her to assume her true position in the great family of states.

On the 31st inst. there is to be a great meeting in the city of Portland, for the purpose of a general conference among the delegates from Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the United States, in order to determine the most practicable method of accomplishing so desirable an object. From the great value and importance of the project, the character and ability of the men specially interested in it, and their prudence and zeal, we anticipate a thorough conviction upon the public mind of the United States and Europe, that this plan is feasible and ought to be carried out; and this conviction will call forth the requisite capital for its accomplishment."

GENERAL TAYLOR'S PROPERTY AND FAMILY.—According to the New York Express, General Taylor left no will disposing of his property. His former plantation was sold to purchase a sugar plantation below, on which some seventy or eighty thousand dollars are said to be due. Another plantation which he purchased has proved unprofitable, because frequently flooded. The writer who communicates these facts says probably some of the presidential salary was relied upon to meet the further payment upon the sugar plantation. General Taylor, therefore, died in a very unfortunate time for the interest of his family. This is the reason, it is said, that the family does not return to Louisiana. General Taylor, previously however to Col. Bliss's marriage with his daughter, settled upon her a considerable sum of money.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—Mr Davis of Massachusetts lately presented to the Senate, petitions from Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and others, and from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, at Boston, stating that, in their opinion, it would be of great public utility to attach to the boundary commission to run the line between the United States and Mexico, a small corps of persons well qualified to make researches in the various departments of science; and they express the hope that so favorable an opportunity will be embraced by Congress to adopt a measure from which highly important and interesting results would unquestionably follow, in reference to the natural and political history, geography, and ethnography of the extensive country through which the boundary line is to be carried.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE AT WORCESTER. The Commencement of the College of the Holy Cross was held in Worcester last week. The buildings of the Institution are situated upon a commanding eminence, somewhat over a mile from the centre of the city. The following sketch of the college is taken from the Courier:

"The college was established in 1843, by the late Dr. Fenwick, whose enthusiasm in the cause of Catholic education will be remembered by all who knew him. He purchased a large tract of land, erected upon it a brick edifice, at a cost of $25,000; but that building has since been enlarged by the addition of a wing, and it is now capable of accommodating two hundred pupils. The land of the college has also been augmented, and there are now about ninety acres within the enclosure. A large proportion of this is under high cultivation.

"Fifteen Professors comprise the faculty of this college. They are all clergymen of the Jesuit order. Their appearance is as striking as their mode of life. The President of the institution, Rev. John Early, is a ripe scholar, and most accomplished gentleman. Associated with him are Rev. Peter Blenkinsop, Vice-President and Procurator; Rev. George Fenwick, (brother to the late Bishop) Professor of Rhetoric and Prefect of Schools: Rev. Joseph Brunengo, Professor of Logic, Metaphysics, Ethics, and Teacher of Italian; Rev. Kenneth A. Kennedy, Professor of Poetry and Natural Philosophy; Rev. James Clark, Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry; Rev. Philip Sacchi, Professor of German and Spanish; Rev. Augustine L. McMullen, Professor of Latin and Greek. In addition to these, the following are employed as teachers:—Robert Brady, Augustus McMullen, John Dewolf, Greek and Latin; Joseph O'Callahan, Basil Hoefelyn, French and Methematics; Patrick Forham and John Gaffney, assistant teachers of the English language.

"These gentlemen are constantly in charge of the pupils of their respective classes. They dine at the same table with them, sleep in the same apartments, and are present during play-hours, and participate in all their sports. Notwithstanding their constant association with the teachers, the pupils seem to be under strict discipline, and manifest the warmest attachment to their masters.

"The studies embrace those of the English High School of Boston, together with most of the modern languages, Greek and Latin, mental philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, and the highest branches of mathematics. The number of students during the past year has been 140. Some of these are mere lads, who pursue the ordinary course of a common school education; but there are a great many—perhaps fifty—young men, far advanced in the deeper classical studies. The cost of board and tuition at the College of the Holy Cross is $150 per annum.

A LINE OF STEAMERS TO AFRICA.—We are glad to learn that the Special Committee having charge of the subject, in the House of Representatives, are about to submit a Bill, accompanied by a Report, in which they provide for, and recommend, the building of three large war and mail steamers, to run between the United States and the Coast of Africa. It is proposed that they will cost $600,000 each; that they shall be built by contract, under the direction of the proper officers of the General Government; that they shall be at the disposal of the United States, when required; and that they shall sail, one from New York, one from Baltimore, and one from New Orleans, and that the sum of $40,000 per annum shall be paid for carrying the mails. This report has been agreed upon nearly unanimously, as we are told; and we hope it may receive the early and favorable consideration of Congress. The Coast of Africa, under the benign influence of the Colonization Society, is fast becoming civilized and Christianized. Trade has received a new impetus there, and the commerce of the country has never been in so flourishing a condition as at the present moment. The Colony is growing beyond precedent, and a line of steamers will find sufficient encouragement in the trade between the two countries—in the growing emigration, in the State interests in reference to particular colonies, (Maryland having a State Colony there, Virginia having appropriated $30,000 conditionally for emigrants, and other States being more or less interested,) to warrant the formation of a company. The Government will propose to build the steamers as the lines to Bremen, Liverpool and the Pacific have been built. It will lend its credit to the Company, and receive its pay in mail service, holding the steamers as security until the money advanced is in this way redeemed. All this of course, provided that Congress sanctions the Report of the Committee, as we hope it will.

An expensive fleet is now kept up by the United States and England, on the Coast of Africa, nominally for the suppression of the Slave trade. By the concurrent testimony of almost all upon the Coast, and all in the Navy, it has done and can do but very little for the suppression of this odious traffic. If we can line the Coast with settlers, natives or descendants of Africa, we may hope ere long, under the influences of Religion and Education, and through the developements of trade and enterprise, to see the Slave trade at an end, Africa civilized, and in time restored to something of the splendor of her ancient fame. [N. Y. Express.

BROWN UNIVERSITY. We overstated the amount of the supscription to the funds of this institution yesterday, and we were misinformed when we said that the committee had reported to the President that the amount raised was sufficient to warrant the organization under the new plan. The committee met last evening, and the total amount of subscriptions are, in the city $95,175, out of the city $7,510, total $102,685. The total amount required is $125,000.—[Providence Journal.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE. Dr. Dick, the celebrated religious author, has addressed a note of thanks to the treasurer of the Philadelphia fund for his relief, acknowledging the receipt of a handsome sum, and declining further assistance, having now sufficient to satisfy his moderate desires.

YALE COLLEGE. The commencement at Yale College will be celebrated Aug. 14. In the evening the Oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society will be delivered by the Hon. John W. Andrews, of Coulumbus, Ohio, and the Poem, by Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D. of this city.

UNITED STATES SENATOR.—The Hon. R. C. Winthrop has been appointed by the Governor and Council Senator from Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Daniel Webster. Mr. Winthrop has accepted the nomination and taken his seat in the Senate. There are now three vacancies from Massachusetts in the House of Representatives. Middlesex, Essex, and Suffolk are unrepresented.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.—It has been stated in an Irish paper (the *Galway Vindicator*) that Lord and Lady Castlereagh were about to embrace the Catholic faith. This rumor, however, is contradicted by a letter addressed to the Irish papers by Lord Castlereagh himself.

AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.—The population of these colonies in 1837 (not including New Zealand) was 170,676. In 1848 it had increased to 333,764. The imports during that period have decreased more than £800,000, while the exports have increased more than £1,000,000.

BUCKSPORT, ME.—We are happy to learn that the new Unitarian Society in Bucksport has invited Rev. Edward Stone, to preach for them for a year, with a good prospect of a permanent settlement.

LORD BROUGHAM.—Lord Brougham has announced his intention to visit the United States, in February next, to confer with his brethren on the subject of legal education.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, July 24, by the Rev J. F. Clarke, William C. Tyler to Caroline M. Etheridge.

July 25, by Rev Dr Lowell, Mr A. B. Lewis, of Providence, R I, to Miss Mary Josephine Benson, of this city.

At Roxbury, 29th inst, by Rev Dr Wayland, Mr Edward T. Gray to Miss Susan H. daughter of Mr John Cartwright, all of R.

In Hingham, July 23, at the residence of Mr L. J. Barnes, by Rev S. K. Lothrop, Mr B. F. Kendall, (of the firm of H. R. Kendall & Son,) of Boston, to Miss Charlotte A, daughter of Benj B. Fessenden, Esq. of Cincinnati.

In Somerville, July 24, by Rev A. R. Pope, Mr Ebenezer W. Maynard to Miss ANN E. Williamson, both of S.

At Nantucket, by Rev Wm H. Channing, of Boston, Dr Wm F. Channing, of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth Burdick, of N.

DEATHS.

In this city, July 25, Mrs Phebe Adams, relict of the late Capt Elijah Adams, 81 yrs.

July 25, Mr James D. Hall, 45 yrs; Caroline Goddard, wife of Francis O. Watts.

In Nahant, July 24, Joseph G. Joy, Esq.

In East Needham, July 24, Miss Martha Ann Kingsbury, 30 yrs.

In Newburyport, Benjamin Hale, Esq. 72 yrs, formerly for many years the contractor for carrying the U. S. mails between Boston and Portsmouth, N. H.

In Nantucket, 19th inst, after a painful illness, Mr Reuben Coffin, 64 yrs.

In New Bedford, July 23, Mrs Rebecca P. wife of Mr Mark S. Palmer, and only daughter of Capt Joseph and Elizabeth Wilcox, 24 yrs. 25th, Mr James Smith, 25 yrs.

In Marsden, Conn. 2d inst, Capt Silas Stoddard, 91 yrs. He served his country in the war of independence, on board the naval ship Discovery, encountering a severe engagement with two British vessels off the French coast in 1780.

In New York, July 26, Emily D. daughter of the late John Roulstone, Esq. aged 30.

☞ The Massachusetts Bible Society acknowledge the receipt of the following Donations:—

Amesbury & Salisbury Mills, Cong. Soc. $21 06; Amherst, Mrs Sarah H. Dickinson, 5 00; Ashland, Missionary Association, to constitute Rev Wm Thayer L. M. of A. B. S., 34 62; Beverly, Dane st Ch. 30 63; Barre, a Friend. 1 00; Boston, Evan. German Ch. to circulate Bibles among Roman Catholics, 10 00; Park st. Ch. 126 68; Central Ch. 94 16; Bowdoin st. Ch. 143 00; Pine st. Ch. 55 64; Old South Ch. 91 07; Essex st. Ch. 175 76; Rev F. W. Holland, L. D. of A. B. S., 150 00; Legacy of Joanna Minot, to constitute Mrs Sarah Parker and Mrs Rebecca Crosby L. M., 40 00; Francis Parkman, D.D., to constitute Mrs Maria Brown a L. M., 20 00; Mrs Isabella McLoud, 2 00; Edward Buck, Esq. 5 00; Rev T. C. Pierce, 50 cts; Boxford, Fem. Char. Soc., 9 00; Bradford First Con. Ch. in part to constitute Rev Nathan Munroe L. D. of A. B. S., 79 02; Mrs Jesse Kimball, to constitute herself a L. M. of A. B. S., 30 00; Soc. of Rev Dr Perry, East Parish, 66 25; Braintree, Soc. of Rev Dr Storrs, 31 10; Charlestown, First Parish, 44 15; Chilmark, Dea. John Allen, 1 00; Concord Union Bible Society, 86 00; Dorchester, Rev James H. Means, to constitute Mrs Rebecca Stetson a L. M., 30 00; Mrs Lucy Blake, to constitute Mr John C Clapp a L. M., 20 00; Boston, Mt. Vernon Ch. 150 00; a Friend, 12 50; East Randolph, Cong. Soc. to constitute Dea. Elisha Holbrook and Dea. Levi Paine L. M. of A. B. S. 80 00; Essex, Cong. Soc. to constitute Rev Robert Crowell L. M. of A. B. S., 47 25; Foxboro', Cong. Soc balance to constitute Rev William Barnes L. D. of A. B. S., 80 50; Franklin, Soc. of Rev Mr Southworth, 41 88; Georgetown, Cong. Soc. 72 30; Holliston, Con. Soc. to constitute Rev Joshua T. Tucker L. M. of A. B. S. 79 00; Hubbardston, Mrs Convers Hunting, deceased, 2 00; Mrs O. Parker, deceased, 75 cts; Ipswich. South Parish, Bible Associations, to constitute Mrs M. H. Lord and Miss Caroline F. Fitz L. M. of A. B. S., 60 00; Lincoln, Con. Soc. 10 25; Lowell, Appleton st Ch. 50 04; Lynn, Soc. of Rev Mr Cooke, 50 00; Marlboro', Union Ch. 24 00; Medfield, F. Rand, 1 00; Medford, a Friend, to constitute Miss Cara Pratt a L. M. of A. B. S. 30 00; Medway Village, Con. Soc. to constitute Dea. Milton M. Fisher L. M. of A. B. S., 37 00; Julius C. Hurd, to constitute himself a L. M. of A. B. S., 30 00; Soc. of Rev Dr Ide, to constitute Dea. Asa Wright L. M. of A. B. S., 32 15; Methuen, First Con. Soc. to constitute Dea. Edward Carleton a L. M. of A. B. S., 34 20; Middleboro' First Parish, 32 21; Milford, Soc. of Rev Mr Pond, 6 00; Milton, Evan. Cong. Soc., 14 50; Natick, First Parish, 29 28; New Salem, Ladies in Cong. Soc. in part to constitute John Stacey, Esq. L. M. of A. B. S., 10 00; Newton, a Friend, 1 00; Norfolk County Bible Society, 11 59; Northboro', a Friend, to constitute Rev Wm A. Mandell, of South Dartmouth, L. M. of A. B. S., 30 00; Pepperell, Evan. Con. Soc. in part to constitute Rev David Andrews a L. M. of A. B. S., 20 00; Prescott, Monthly Concert, 6 00; Quincy, Evan. Con. Soc., 11 13; Rockport, Con. Soc. balance to constitute Rev Wakefield Gale, Mrs Mary L. Gale and Miss Ann Eliza S. Gale, L. M. of A. B. S., 50 00; Sherburne, Fem. Reading Soc. balance to constitute Mrs Harriet C. Phipps L. M. of A. B. S., 15 00; West Brookfield, Miss Lucy M. Curtis, deceased, by Mr Wm Curtis, 50 00; West Dracut, a Friend, 1 00; Westminster, Legacy of Dea. John Murdock, by Geo. Kendall, Exec'r, 40 00; West Needham, Soc. of Rev Mr Bigelow, 12 00; West Tisbury, a Friend, 50 cts; Weymouth North Parish, 60 00; Winchendon, North Con. Soc. 1 43; Wrentham, Soc. of Rev Messrs Fiske & James, 27 66; Dea. Elijah Pond, 5 00; Mrs Catherine R. Waldo, 50 00; a Friend, 10 00; Do. 5 00; Do. 50 cts; Collection by Rev D. Butler, 37 89. Total, $2250 51.

aug3 GEO. R. SAMPSON, Treasurer.

☞ *The Ladies of the Unitarian Society* in Gloucester propose holding a FAIR, at the Town Hall, on the seventh and eighth of August, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the improvement of the interior of their Church.

They will offer for sale a variety of useful and ornamental articles, with a good assortment of Children's Clothing, wrought flannel, infant's dresses, &c.

Assistance from friends in other places will be gratefully received, and donations in any form may be sent to Messrs Crosby & Nichols, No 111 Washington street, or to Mr C. C. Smith, No 46 Kilby street, Boston, by whom they will be forwarded.

Gloucester, July 15. 1a3p 4t20

☞ *Children's Mission.*—The Executive Committee would remind all the Sunday Schools interested in the Children's Mission, that the expenses of another quarter are now due; and any contributions, however small, will be gladly received by the Treasurer, B. H. GREENE, Esq.

aug3

☞ MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI.—The Members of the MASSACHUSETTS CINCINNATI SOCIETY, are notified to meet in the UNITED STATES HOTEL, on THURSDAY, Aug. 15, 1850, at NINE o'clock.

aug3 3tis THOS. JACKSON, Sec'y.

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

American Institute of Instruction.

THE Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the "American Institute of Instruction," will be held at Northampton, Mass., on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of August, 1850.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

On Tuesday—10 o'clock. Remarks by the President, 10½. Introductory Lecture by Hon. Henry Barnard, of Hartford, Conn. 2½, P. M. Lecture by Rev. J. P. Cowles, of Ipswich. 7½. Lecture by Rev. L. Whiting, of Lawrence.

On Wednesday—9 o'clock. Lecture by Barnum Field, of the Franklin School, Boston. 11 Lecture by C. C. Chase, Lowell. 2½, P. M. Lecture by A. D. Philbrick, Boston. 7½. Lecture by Rev. R. S. Rust, State Supt. of Schools in N. H.

On Thursday—9 o'clock. Lecture by Solomon Jenner of New York. 11. Lecture Hon. A. Walker, of Brookfield. 2½, P. M. Lecture by Edward Wyman, of St. Louis. 7½. Lecture by Rev. E. S. Gannett, D.D. of Boston.

Tickets for Railroad travel, from Boston to Northampton, may be had at half price, (by all who go to attend the Institute Meetings,) of WM. D. TICKNOR, Esq. corner of Washington and School streets, Boston. These Tickets will be good from August 12th to 20th, inclusive. Those who pass over the Eastern Railroad to attend the meeting, may obtain return tickets of the Secretary.

The citizens of Northampton have kindly made arrangements for the gratuitous entertainment of female teachers, who attend the meeting, and it is hoped the number will be large.

The members of the Institute, and others who propose to attend, are earnestly requested to give extensive notice of the meeting, and, if possible, to be present through all the sessions. CHARLES NORTHEND,

Salem, July 24, 1850 Secretary.

aug3 3t

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 325. 12½ cents

CONTENTS.

1. Recent Arctic Expeditions—United Service Magazine.
2. Accusations for the Houses of Parliament—Spectator.
3. Letters from Jamaica—N. Y. Evening Post.
4. The Spanish Beauty—Bentley's Miscellany.
5. Episodes of Insect Life—Eclectic Review
6. Deborah's Diary, Part IV.—Sharpe's Magazine.
7. Phantasies of Walpurgis Night—Zschokke.
8. Our Old Dressmaker—Chambers' Journal.
9. An Ideal Woman—Ladies' Companion.
10. The Great Salt Lake—National Intelligencer.
11. Does Nature Provide a Compass?—Rochester Advertiser.

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august 3.

BOOKS PER STEAMER ASIA.

JUST received by LITTLE & BROWN, 112 Washington street:

David Copperfield, No 15, illustrated.
Vernon's Anglo-Saxon Guide. Barnes's do Delectus.
Halliwell's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales.
Halliwell's Life of Shakspeare.
Do. Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, illustrating early English Authors, 2v 8vo.
Akerman's Coins of the Romans relating to Britain.
Do Introduction to Ancient and Modern Coins.
Do Archæological Index, Celtic, Romano-British and Anglo-Saxon Periods. A Hunter's Life in South Africa, 2v 8vo.
Hunter's Critical and Historical Tracts. No 2—The First Colonies of New England. No 3—Milton.
Curiosities of Heraldry.
Lower's Essay on Surnames, 2v. aug3

MR. HUNTER'S CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL TRACTS—No 1, Agincourt: A contribution towards an authentic list of the commanders of the English Host, in King Henry the Fifth's expedition to France in the third year of his reign. No II. Collections concerning the early history of the founders of New Plymouth, the first Colonists of New England. No III, Milton; A Sheaf of Gleanings after his Biographers and Annotators. 1, Genealogical Investigation; 2, Notes on some of his Poems. By Joseph Hunter. For sale by

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aug3 CROSBY & NICHOLS, 111 Washington street.

MR. PEABODY'S Sermon at Meadville.—The Work of the Ministry, a sermon delivered before the Graduating Class of the Meadville Theological School, June 26, 1850, by Andrew P. Peabody, 12½; this day published by

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june 15. tf MRS. ANNA Y. LORD.

To the Friends of Peace.

THE undersigned has a great number of copies of the Advocate of Peace, (the periodical of the American Peace Society,) for the years 1843, 1844, 1845 and 1846, which, though they have passed the time of their immediate object, yet, containing many interesting articles and valuable information, may, by dissemination, be instrumental in extending pacific sentiments. With this view, they will be furnished *gratuitously* to any friends of peace in the United States, who will receive them for distribution, and pay for the expense of transmission. Persons desirous of thus aiding the cause of peace, will please send their orders to the undersigned, post paid, specifying the number of copies desired, the direction to which they are to be sent, the mode of conveyance, &c., and they will be forwarded, in the proportions, as to months, in which they are possessed.

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POETRY.

The Battle of Change.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D.

I.

Great thoughts are heaving in the world's wide breast;
The Time is laboring with a mighty birth;
The old ideas fall!
Men wander up and down in wild intent;
A sense of change preparing for the Earth,
Broods over all
There lies a gloom on all things under heaven—
A gloom portentous to the quiet men,
Who see no joy in being driven
Onwards from change, ever to change again;
Who never walk but on the beaten ways,
And love the breath of yesterdays;—
Men who would rather sit and sleep
Where sunbeams through the ivies creep,
Each at his door-post all alone,
Heedless of near or distant wars,
Than wake and listen to the moan
Of storm-vexed forests, nodding to the stars—
Or hear far off, the melancholy roar
Of billows, white with wrath, battling against the shore.

II.

Deep on the troubled soul the shadow lies,
And in that shadow come and go,
While fitful lightnings write upon the skies,
And mystic voices chant the coming wo,
Titanic phantoms swathed in mist and flame—
The mighty shapes of things without a name,
Mingling with forms more palpably defined,
That whirl and dance like leaves upon the wind;
Then, marshalling in long array their hosts,
Rush forth to battle in a cloud-like land,
Thick phalanxed on those far aerial coasts,
As swarm the locusts plaguing Samarcand:
Oh! who would live, they cry, in time like this!
A time of conflict fierce and trouble strange;
When old and new, over a dark abyss,
Fight the great battle of relentless change!
And still before their eyes discrowned kings,
Desolate chiefs, and aged priests forlorn,
Flit by—confused—with all incongruous things,
Swooping in rise and fall on ponderous wings—
White here and there, amid a golden light,
Angelic faces, sweet as summer morn,
Which gleam an instant ere extinguished quite,
Or change to stony skulls and spectres livid white.

III.

But not to me—oh, not to me appears
Eternal gloom! I see a brighter sky,
I feel the healthful motion of the spheres;
And, lying down upon the grass, I hear
Far, far away, yet drawing near,
A low, sweet sound of ringing melody;
I see the swift-winged arrows fly;
I see the battle and the combatants;
I know the cause for which their weapons flash;
I hear the martial music and the chants,
The shock of hosts, the armor clash,
As thought meets thought; but far beyond I see,
Adown the abysses of the Time to be,
The well-won victory of the Right;
The laying down of useless swords and spears;
The reconcilement ardently desired
Of universal *Truth* and *Might*—
Whose long estrangement, filling earth with tears,
Gave every manly heart, divinely fired,
A lingering love, a hope inspired,
To reconcile them, never more to sunder.
Far, far away above thy rumbling thunder,
I see the splendor of another day.
Ever since infant Time began,
There has been darkness over man:
It roots and shrivels up! It melts away!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FIRST SLEEP.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

Little Emily Mansell was a great pet with her Aunt Hamilton; and as she had no mother, and Mrs. Hamilton no child, it always brought high enjoyment to each whenever Emily's papa allowed her to go on a visit to her aunt. Indeed this happened pretty often. Mr. Mansell was agent to a nobleman whose estates lay in different parts of the country; and as he was frequently obliged to go from home, on those occasions little Emily was mostly intrusted to Mrs. Hamilton's care.

It was always a holiday time; feasting, petting, playing; every wish ungratified in her own quiet home was sure to find indulgence at her aunt's; or rather wants and wishes were excited and gratified there which never entered her little brain when more suitably employed, and which always sent her home listless and dissatisfied, until in healthier occupation their memory wore away. Mrs. Hamilton was a gay and thoughtless person; her house mostly full of company, much vanity and flattery going on; and Emily, even though a little child, coming in for a share, and delighting in it so much, that it would have puzzled any one to identify the saucy little prattler dressed out with curls, ribbons, and laces, in Mrs. Hamilton's drawing-room, with the gentle, loving child that used to read so quietly in her father's study window, looking up now and then to see if his letter were finished before she ventured to interrupt him even with a question.

She is in the window here too, but her little tongue is rattling on; no fear of interrupting important business now; no one better engaged than in listening to her trifling. At last the quick remark and the merry laugh die away, and in an impatient tone little Emily exclaims for the twentieth time that evening, 'Why doesn't Davy come!—what is keeping him, Aunt Caroline!' And again she turns fretfully from the oft repeated soothing answer—'He is coming darling; he will be here just now.'

Davy was the carrier who brought the supplies once a week from a large town some distance off.—He was in special request this day, as he was to have been the bearer of some toys, a large cake, and sundry other matters, in honor of Emily's birthday; but the evening wore on—no Davy appeared. Emily had to do without her toys, and the assembled guests without their cake. It was hard to tell whether Mrs. Hamilton or Emily—the old child or the young—was most disappointed; but the latter certainly testified her vexation in the most disagreeable manner; lingering in the window, refusing to be comforted until the last faint ray of day-light went out, and then rebelling against bed to cry herself to sleep on the sofa.

But she was asleep—soundly and sweetly, too, as only childhood sleeps—when the rolling sound of wagon wheels made her aunt start up, joyfully exclaiming, 'Here is Davy, at last; I am so glad little Emily stayed up after all!'

'She is fast asleep now; surely you will not think of awaking her!' exclaimed one of the more considerate members of the party.

'Ah, wait a while,' was the reply, with a mysterious smile.

Bells were rung, orders given: not only did a tray make its appearance, with the desired birthday cake, fruit, wine, and other materials for supper, but also the box with the expected presents, which was carefully laid on a table hard by.

'It is almost a pity to awake her,' whispered Mrs. Hamilton, half relenting, as she bent over the calm, unconscious little sleeper; 'and yet it would be a still greater to open the box without her, or to cut the cake without giving her a share.'

'Then let the box wait till morning,' rejoined the former speaker; 'and as to the cake, I think its size defies us all: no danger of Emily's share. You surely would not give it to her at this hour!'

'Oh, but she ought to see it whole; she would admire it so much. And as to the box, I am longing myself to open it. Besides, she must be awakened to be carried to bed.'

And Emily was awakened. Sleepy and bewildered, for a long time she did not understand what any one was about; and when at last she did, her admiration of the external ornaments of the cake was quite swallowed up in a desire to appropriate some of the interior. 'You hungry little thing!' exclaimed her aunt, quite disappointed; 'but they are always so when awakened out of their first sleep.'

On this excuse a large slice of the cake was bestowed; and by the time it was demolished, Emily's eyes became accustomed to the lights, and she began to look about her as sprightly as ever. She spied the well known blue box, and for the first time comprehending the full extent of her good fortune, exclaimed, 'Ah! Davy is come at last!' as she sprang towards it, and impatiently tried to turn the key.

The company, who had also been engaged in discussing the merits of the cake and wine, now turned for fresh amusement to the box, and to Emily's eager expressions of delight as new doll, and gilded book, and painted coach were successively drawn out, inspected, approved of, and ordered to lie on the table. The 'what else?' died away; all the promised treasures were displayed in goodly range, yet still Mrs. Hamilton kept her hand on the lid of the box, smiling at her little niece, as if doubtful whether to disturb her fulness of content even by fresh enjoyment; at last yielding to her own impatience, she drew out the crowning gift—a real birthday suit, in which Emily was to have figured that day, had not Davy's wheels tarried on the way so provokingly.

'Oh how beautiful!—how tasteful! Do try it on—let us see it at once,' resounded from every lip. Emily, at first unwilling to leave her toys, was bribed by another slice of cake; robed in state, admired, held up to the mirror to admire herself, until her little head, half turned with excitement and vanity, she more than entered into the spirit of the hour, and strutted up and down the room, nodding her plumes, and shaking out her flounces to show them off.

But people will tire even of the best sport: the guests found it time to withdraw; and full time did Aunt Hamilton think it for little Emily to go to bed. Not so with the little lady herself: quite fresh from her sleep, she was fully awake to enjoyment now; the moments given to her new dress had been stolen from the toys, and back again she flew to them with renewed avidity when the admirers of the former had departed. In vain her aunt remonstrated, showed the hour, threatened to put out the candles; Emily coaxed, and cried, and lingered, until at last a third slice of cake won her over, and pouringly she retired as the clock struck twelve.

She tossed and turned on her pillow; felt as if she never should sleep again; thought of her toys, her fine dress; longed for the morning light; then when it did at last steal in through the chinks of the shutters, she found it pained her eyes, and turned them away; then her head grew hot and heavy, and she longed to sleep, but could not; and thoughts of company, and toys, and bright lights, all mixed confusedly together, until at length she was dropping into a sort of troubled doze, when Susan came to the bedside to say it was time to get up. For a moment she felt inclined to disregard the summons, but then the recollection of all she had to look at by daylight returned, and raising herself languidly, she dressed with many a yawn.

This comes of last night's doings, Miss Emily,' said Susan reproachfully: 'I hope 'twill be long again before you are awoke in such a way out of your first sleep.'

'Indeed I hope so too, Susan,' replied the little girl, in a contrite voice, 'for I could not sleep again when I wanted, and I feel—oh so weary—so sleepy now!'

But when night came again there was no quiet rest for Emily; the disturbed hours of the night before, the excitement, and, above all, the rich cake, had done their business; and there she lay tossing, hot, and feverish, worse and worse as the hours rolled on. For many a day she lay thus—her loving father, her indulgent aunt, her faithful Susan, watching in turns beside her; for many a day, with vain regrets and sinking hope, they promised themselves, and one another, that, if restored to them again, she should be more judiciously treated. She was at length restored, and, unlike most 'vows taken in pain,' the resolution was kept.

Circumstances favored her father's wish to remove his little Emily for the present from her too indulgent aunt. His employer had an Irish property which he desired to place under Mr. Mansell's management, and as constant personal superintendence was necessary, he agreed to fix his residence there. Emily's severe illness, as is often the case in youth, had altered both her character and constitution: her mind matured and expanded as rapidly as her bodily growth. Living chiefly with her papa, and talking much with him during her weeks of convalescence, she felt—perhaps for the first time—how precious she was to him; how dearly she loved him; and it was with a sense of indescribable delight she heard her father say, that though leaving much to which he was attached, removing from familiar scenes and friends, he was sure he should never feel lonely with such a companion as his 'good little Emily.'

Soon she dearly liked their Irish lodge, with its roses, its lake, and its wild mountain view; their Irish Molly too, with all her endearing epithets and eloquent histories; their English servants had been dismissed, 'not pulling well with the natives,' and Molly took a pride as well as pleasure in verifying her retort that 'they were no loss.' One English lady, who had the care of Emily's education, alone remained in addition to the family; and she judiciously led her little charge to appreciate all that was admirable, as well as merely amusing, in the national character, so that the jibes and supercilious airs which had given so much offence in the domestics, were soon forgotten in the unaffected interest and cordiality testified by the other members of the family.

Thus time wore on for three, or nearly four years; during all that while Emily had been blessed with uninterrupted health. According to the maxim, she lay down with the lamb and rose with the lark, and had probably forgotten what it was ever to awake out of her first sleep till the morning dawned. She had grown as rosy-cheeked and as merry as any little Irish lass; as obliging, as intelligent, able and ready to help herself and those about her; and though, in one solitary visit, Aunt Hamilton declared she would be spoiled for a fine lady, she was obliged to admit that she promised to turn out better still.

It was Christmas, and Mrs. Blandford, Emily's governess, had gone to spend the holiday weeks with her relatives. Emily,—full of importance, trying to follow her friend's directions, to fill her place and her own at this busy season—had at last gone to rest, tired yet happy, and was fast asleep in her little white-curtained bed in the dressing-closet outside her father's room. It was there she had always slept, and it was his nightly habit, as he passed through it to his own, to pause a moment beside his little daughter with a whispered prayer and a soft kiss on her cheek, which, though it never unclosed the eyelids, was acknowledged even in sleep by a half-formed smile.

This night the pause was longer, the prayer more fervent; sorrowful thoughts were busy in his heart—the preponderance that the little evil often assumes over the much good—and in the disappointment and annoyance of a recent instance of ingratitude, he felt as if all the time he had spent, all the benefits he had conferred, were at once swept away. We all have had such moments. Well for us not to be quite solitary then; and with a yearning for companionship, Mr. Mansell still lingered, half-tempted to call up the life and expression of those sweet, tranquil features, and hear one more loving 'good-night' before he retired to rest.

After long trial and forbearance, he had found himself compelled to bring ejectments against some refractory tenants. They still kept possession; and warnings and threats had been mutually exchanged. At this point, Mr. Mansell had paused, still reluctant to proceed to forcible measures; and mistaking his indulgence for timidity, a threatening notice had been sent him on the previous evening, with the usual hieroglyphics of a coffin and death's head, warning him to drop his proceedings or quit the country.

Well-intentioned, judicious, and popular, this was the first resistance he had met with, and he felt it most sensitively; almost ready to arraign himself for a state of things which too often forms the rule, instead of the exception. Musing thus, he lingered, as we have said, by his child's bed-side, his feelings gradually calming down under the unconscious influence of the peaceful slumberer. At last, as he turned away, the movement, or the light of his candle, awoke her suddenly, and her opened eyes rested full on her father's troubled face.

'What is the matter, papa?' she exclaimed, even at a glance comprehending that he did not look like his usual self. 'Are you ill? Is any one ill? Am I wanted?' and pushing back her bright curls, she started from her pillow, and gazed with a look of alarm into her father's face.

'No indeed, my poor child; what a shame for me to awake you! I am nearly as bad as Aunt Caroline long ago, though, unlike her, I have nothing pretty to show. Good-night, now; go to sleep again,' and with another kiss he would have passed on, his own heart lightened by the little interruption to his thoughts, had not Emily thrown her arms around him, and detaining him, whispered: 'Something was the matter, my own papa: I saw it in your face. I think I saw it in my sleep. Were you tired, or sorry, or angry? Which was it, papa? and her eyes fixed earnestly, as if involuntarily reading his heart.

'Angry! Was it with you, Emily?' and quickly the inquiring gaze brightened off into her own sweet confiding smile, as she looked, rather than said, how far such an idea was from her thoughts. 'Then with whom, my own child? What could put such a thought into your little head? Do you often see me angry?'

Another smile, and a deprecating wave of the head; and the color mantled on her cheek as she playfully answered, 'You know I gave you choice of three reasons—tired, sorry, angry. Why, papa, why did you fix on the most unlikely and the worst!' And again the searching eyes were raised a moment to his face, the color deepening to crimson as almost as quickly she looked away.

'There is something in your question, Emily,' said her papa, gravely, laying down his candle, and seating himself by her bed-side; 'for once you are right in every thing: I *am* tired, sorry, angry; but again, what put the notion into that sleepy little head?'

'Oh, papa! indeed I am wide awake.' Then seeing her father smile, she added quickly, 'Do n't I know your face too well? Could n't I read its passing thoughts, even if I never had the key?'

'Well, and the key!' continued her father, still smiling.

She answered earnestly, 'Papa, you will think me very foolish; perhaps very vain. Indeed, I did not mean ever to have spoken of it; but now,' added she, brightening up, 'now that you have made your little confession, I may make mine; now that I know you are already anxious, I need not fear to make you so—for I do believe it is all about the one same thing. You know old Norry Flaherty that has had "the rheumatics" all the winter! I was giving her some flannel along with the others yesterday; but she looked so old and weak, I made her wait to get a warm bowl of coffee—she delights in that. When she was done, she rose up and wished me all kinds of blessings, then turned and said something in Irish to Molly, which, from the changing expression of her face, and a word which I could understand here and there, surprised me a good deal. The moment she was gone, I asked Molly what she had said; she colored and hesitated'—

'Something like yourself, my little Emily, just now.'

'Yes, papa; do not laugh at me; this is a serious matter. The more Molly hesitated, the more anxious I was to know. At last she said—you know, papa, it was Mrs. Flaherty said this—that I was an angel to the poor, and your guardian angel too; that was the kind part of her speech. And when I asked Molly what made her eyes flash, and insisted on knowing she told me—the words were, "even that cannot screen him forever!"

'You should have mentioned this to me at once, Emily,' said her father gravely.

'Oh, papa, it only happened to-day; and indeed I was so busy that it passed out of my mind until I saw your look just now. 'Besides,' added she hesitatingly, 'I did not know papa, how far it might be right in a little girl like me to talk of your business even to yourself; and it seemed the best thing that I could do was to bury it in my heart, and try to be more and more like you—like what the old woman said.'

Her father kissed her tenderly, laid her head on the pillow, smoothing down her curls, as he had used when she was a fairy child: then yielding to the desire for companionship that had first detained him at her bedside, he continued talking for a while, gradually warming into confidence, and half forgetful of the youth of his listener, entered into a detail of his present feelings and position. At length, noticing her rapt attention, he added, 'feel no uneasiness, my child; I am fully equal to this crisis, though grieved to seem aught else than the benefactor of the people over whom I am placed. You have successfully aided me in this object, and for that reason deserve my confidence, young as you are. The trust I now repose in you—the trust you have in me—will fortify your mind against any of those obscure hints or threatenings, even as it has relieved my mind to unburthern it to my child.'

Emily listened to her father's words with a proud and happy heart; his parting recommendation to go to sleep at once was in vain; she vainly tried to follow his advice, and once again in her life tossed and turned on a sleepless pillow. A former foolish night came back to her recollection to fill her heart with thankfulness that it was so different now; no feverish symptoms, no reproachful thoughts, now troubled her unrest. Sleepless indeed she lay, but quietly self-communing; and when the morning light convinces her that any further efforts at rest were fruitless, she sprang from her bed almost as much invigorated as if that rest had never been disturbed.

Her father seemed pleased at her bright looks, but made no further allusion to their last night's conversation; and though Emily felt as if it had drawn them together by a redoubled tie, she spoke no word either of the projects that had occupied her sleepless hours, and was now filling her young heart. Her morning duties over, she summoned the light-hearted Molly to bear her parcels, and accompany her in one of her annual Christmas rounds. One by one she visited the cottages, where her presence always brought sunshine—commending, reproving, encouraging, as the case might be, but uniformly leaving the impression, 'Sure she is for our good.'

At last she reached old Norry Flaherty's door, and though the usual kindly welcome was for once unuttered, she unhesitatingly stepped in. A significant look was exchanged between the old woman and her slatternly daughter-in-law, as they both turned their glance on the husband of the latter, who lay drowsily stretched on a settle near the fire. Emily was accommodated with a chair; Molly stood by; and the first greetings over, the old woman turned somewhat angrily to her son, reproving him for 'never offering to stir, and the young lady to the fore.'

The man lazily opened his eyes, as if he had perceived her for the first time; but before he had time to growl out an answer either of resistance or apology, Emily's sweet accents had intreated him not to disturb himself, adding that he seemed tired, not ill, she hoped.

The young man could not resist this; he gathered himself up, and assumed a more respectful, but still listless attitude, leaning against the post of the door. Emily turned a little towards him, but continued her conversation with the two women, until she had said all that she had wished, and bestowed her little Christmas gifts for themselves and children. Flaherty still maintained his position, apparently occupied with the outward prospect, whistling now and then, but listening with curiosity all the while, as was evinced by the impatient jerk of his shoulders as his mother reiterated blessings on their young visiter, and his sudden attention, as she went on to say, that indeed they did not expect any such favors just now.

'And why not, Norry? Why should you think I would forget any of my old friends?'

'Oh yes! miss, it isn't for me to say; but by reason of the master's doings, we know our welcome is wore out, and sure you and he are all as one.'

'So we are indeed, Norry,' replied Emily warmly, and with a little touch of her new-born confidence; 'one in heart and mind. All that he does is right in my eyes, and I never take a step disapproved of by him.'

'Wisha, we knew it,' drawled the younger woman coldly, throwing another meaning glance from her mother-in-law to her husband.

'Come, Miss Emily; we'll be late,' interposed Molly, evidently not much in love with the reception: and suiting the action to the word, she took leave of the inmates, and passed out through the door. Emily lingered a moment yet before she obeyed her hint; then, as if her mind were at once made up, she also rose and took her leave. She paused a moment on the threshold as the man politely made way, and allowed her eyes to rest on the wild but noble view stretched out before them in the golden light of the declining sun. He followed her admiring gaze, caught her involuntary exclamation of delight; and, as if the conviction that one is a class so superior to himself could yet have feelings in common with him, in a degree unlocked his heart, he muttered in a low yet not disrespectful tone, unconsciously adopting the sentiment of a far greater personage, 'Tis a place worth fighting for!'

Emily turned her sweet face towards him with a pained and wondering expression, as she answered, 'Surely Flaherty it is a place worth loving: but who could ever think of fighting in the face of such a view of the works of God? It makes the heart glow indeed, but it is with love to Him and all the creatures he has made.'

'That's as young ladies think,' replied Flaherty, with a cavalier yet not uncivil air.

'Is it not as Christians think?' replied Emily, with unvarying sweetness; 'a thought prompted especially at the blessed time when the Lord of all came to bring peace and good will amongst men!'

Her hearer shifted his position uneasily; his countenance seemed to grow more gloomy, but he continued silent. Emily went on, 'Such would be my first thought; but the next, next to loving the place, my thought would be, it is worth working for too. You may say to this also, Flaherty, that it is a young lady's thought, spoken of what she has no experience, but I, even in my own way, never got anything worth having without working for it first, and then I always found the enjoyment was doubled,'

'Work! wisha, we work like slaves, and where's the good of it!' burst impatiently from her listener. Emily's eyes rested for a moment on his indolent lounging figure, his hands in his pockets, his pipe in his mouth; then turned to the neglected garden, the disjointed footway, the broken thatch. He understood her glance, and moodily muttered, 'It was not always so.'

'No, surely,' replied Emily with much animation; 'even I can recollect it so different when this time two years I was here. Do you remember, Michael, you were digging that square for the early cabbages, the little boys weeding the right hand border, Mary was making up a nice pink frock for baby, and old Norry—she had no rheumatism then—she was spinning away in the sunshine at the door! Have not I a good Memory now?'

The women had drawn near within the cottage, and low exclamations of mingled wonder, pleasure, and regret accompanied her words, but they did not interrupt the conversation. Michael's lip quivered, and after a moment's silence, he civilly replied, 'And I have my memory too, miss, or maybe matters would be worse with others before now!'

'Do you know, Michael, I have heard that already?' replied Emily frankly. Then, unheeding his startled look, she continued, 'You will hardly think I remained awake nearly the entire of last night thinking of you and yours—not with fear'—added she, replying to his glance, 'but planning, and at last hoping to do you some good.'

There was no doubting her simple earnestness; Michael implicity believed her, nor even thought it strange that one like her should take an interest in his fate. She continued. 'This prospect is surely glorious, this home very dear, but sin and sorrow changed even Eden itself.—You have suffered much, you have erred much, Michael: I do not say which has caused the other, but the effects of both are plain, and it will be hard to efface them here. In another land it would not be so; in a land where so many of your countrymen—and not the worst of them—are going: new companions, new habits, new fortunes may await you there. This was my thought last night, prompted by something I had heard. I thought to speak to Norry to-day, but I am twice better pleased to meet yourself; for, Michael, if you wish to make up your mind to emigrate, I will ask papa to give you the means, and though indeed 'tis all my own idea, I am sure he will not refuse.'

Michael's countenance, which had been gradually softening, again assumed its determined expressions imagining himself called on at once for a decision; but Emily hastened to add in still kindlier tones, 'Take time to consider; then come down to me: whatever you decide on, at any rate we shan't fall out;' and then with a gesture of farewell she hurried away.

Molly had been an admiring witness of her young mistress's persuasive powers, and many a glance exchanged between her and the two women over Emily's shoulder showed their mutual appreciation of her proposal. They knew well that Michael had no other chance against the bad associates and bad practices into which he had fallen; and to see him break with them completely before he was driven to some lawless act, was a blessing beyond there hopes. The result may be anticipated: Michael and his brothers, thinking they had at last a favorable opening through the young lady's ear, made one effort more to obtain the terms they wished; but finding that out of the question, they yielded to Emily's advice sanctioned by her father's approval. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to him: he wished to make examples not victims. Those who were still able to retain their farms redoubled their exertions to become good tenants, while the others, furnished with sufficient funds, were by the next spring breezes in safety across the Atlantic; there, turning over a new leaf, they have every prospect of succeeding, as they never would have done at home.

A few months more brought a visit from Aunt Hamilton, when this instance of Emily's diplomacy was narrated with affectionate pride by her father. He had scarcely concluded, when his sister abruptly replied, 'Richard, you ought now to think of sending Emily to school!'

Mr. Mansell opened his eyes very wide as he re-echoed her words, 'To school? What! part with my darling companion now that she seems, if possible, doubly dear!'

'Yes, for that very reason. Do you remember long ago how bitterly we repented awaking her too early? You are doing the very same thing now yourself.'

'Ah, yes! I remember,' replied the father, recovering from his start with a long sigh of relief. 'I awoke her once too. But the result was completely different. Be assured, my dear Caroline, that everything depends on the awakening cause. Let us only show reason good, and all will be well even though we may seem inopportunely to arouse them out of their First Sleep.'

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

HUBBARD WINSLOW would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

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